

# The Silent Worker

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## A Famous Signmaker

By A. L. PACH

**P**ROF. WILLIAM GLADSTONE JONES was born in St. Louis, Mo., on July 10th, 1851, and therefore he is literally seventy years young. Prof. Jones thinks his mission in life was to be an entertainer, and if he had not become deaf, which came about, by the way, through an attack of measles when he was one year old, he would have been a distinguished Thespian, as were several of his forbears, notably his mother, the famous Mrs. W. G. Jones, who acted and was loved and admired right up to the end of her career at an advanced age, and whose life both on the stage and off was one of the sweetest in the annals of the American stage.

Prof. Jones was enrolled as a pupil at Fanwood in 1859, the tiniest pupil in school and every one's pet. Albert A. Barnes, still with us, hale and hearty at eighty-three, was his first teacher. C. K. W. Strong, D. R. Tillinghast and Dr. E. A. Fay, in turn, were his instructors. Miss Mary Toles (afterwards Mrs. I. L. Peet) taught him when he reached the first class, and at the age of fifteen he entered the High Class with Miss Ida Montgomery, who upon graduation became teacher of the advanced class until her



A. L. PACH PHOTO.  
WILLIAM GLADSTONE JONES



A. L. PACH PHOTO.  
WILLIAM GLADSTONE JONES IN ONE OF HIS  
CHARACTERISTIC POSES

retirement. She is now living in Washington, D. C. Prof. O. D. Cooke instructed him, and when the Collegiate Department was formed, Prof. Jones was transferred to it, and F. D. Clark, H. W. Syle and Weston Jenkins were his teachers. With such a distinguished list of instructors it will be seen that Prof. Jones was unusually highly favored.

That Prof. Jones' career goes well back is shown by the fact that he enjoyed a chat with Laurent Clerc.

Prof. Jones graduated from Gallaudet with the Class of '76, being Valedictorian, taking his degree of B.A., which was afterward followed with that of M.A. All of the Class of '76 became teachers and complete forty-five years of service this year. After graduating, he went straight to Fanwood, and began work under Dr. H. P. Peet, and successively he served under Dr. I. L. Peet, E. H. Currier and I. B. Gardner.

In 1878, Prof. Jones was fortunate enough to marry the charming Kate S. Hamilton, and they have five children, all hearing and all living, besides two grand-children, one twenty-one and the other eight years of age.

As a sign orator, Mr. Jones stands unique. No other man has ever been able to put so much lucidity, force, expression and power in a sign recital. It seems to have been born in him, a gift from his renowned histrionic

forbears. Mr. Jones blends and mixes stereotyped signs, with natural signs with such facility that hearing people who know nothing of the sign language readily appreciate the intent of his remarks. Whether it be "The

Lord's Prayer," or "the Declaration of Independence," Mr. Jones may be reciting in signs, he will deliver it as no one else can, and with all the ideas conveyed with cameo-like fidelity.

## THE TEST OF THE HEART

By GUIE LEO DELIGLIO



AS MRS. RAMSEY came out of her daughter's room she was met by her son-in-law, Keith Kendell. "How is Gloria?" he asked in signs, and pointed to his wife's room. "She is doing finely," signed back Mrs. Ramsey, with the slowness of a hearing person unaccustomed to conversing with the deaf. "The doctor thinks she will soon be able to hear perfectly."

"For her sake I will be glad."

"It is wonderful to think she will have her chance in life again! I hope you understand what her hearing will mean to her."

The young man nodded. "I understand. She will, of course, desire to be with hearing people more. I will not keep her from them."

"I knew you would be sensible. If possible I shall try to cut her entirely off from her former associates. She will have nothing in common with them now, and her social duties among the hearing will leave her no time to tolerate deaf companions."

A look of dismay passed over Keith's face. "I don't believe Gloria will want to give up all her old friends."

Mrs. Ramsey's usually calm features became stern. She knew it would be hard to tell the young man what she had decided days ago to say to him. But now that her daughter's whole future was at stake, she would make it plain to Keith Kendell that it was impossible for him to remain Gloria's husband.

"I have something very serious to talk over with you, and if you are sensible and really love my daughter, you will do as I desire."

"You know Gloria's early history. When she was about thirteen she lost her hearing through sickness. This blow nearly killed me. I loved her dearly, and she was my sole comfort after my husband died. When I found there was very little hope of her recovering her hearing, I immediately had her taught lip-reading so she could understand me without the use of signs. I do not know when she first started to learn the signs, but I found out that she was an expert signer at sixteen. Although it grieved me deeply, I let her associate with the deaf. You also know I looked upon her marriage to you with disfavor, for I wanted her to marry a man who could support her in luxury. But she would not hear of giving you up, and as I thought she would always be deaf, I finally consented to let her marry a deaf man. I believe up to this time you have made her a good husband."

"I have tried to be good to her, for I love her." Keith wondered what Mrs. Ramsey had on her mind. Surely she wasn't trying to part Gloria from him. Why, Gloria was his wife!

"Gloria has her hearing back now," went on Mrs. Ramsey quickly. "We both know what a difference it will make to her. It has always been my wish for her to take her proper place in society, and now there is only one thing to interfere."

"What will interfere?" but Keith guessed without asking the question.

"To put it plainly, I think if Gloria is handicapped with a deaf husband her whole glorious future will be spoiled."

"I am sorry, but what can I do? I love Gloria and believe she loves me."

"Then if you love Gloria, why don't you prove it? Go away to some place for a year and let her get a divorce."

"A divorce! Gloria would not consent. It would be impossible."

"Gloria will consent. Do you think her love will last if she continues to live with you, a deaf-mute? Will she like to slave her life away in a little cottage when she can get far better things if she leaves you. Surely you cannot expect the utterly impossible. If Gloria went back to you it would be only from a sense of duty, not because she desires to live with you. If you love her, as you profess, you will let her get a divorce as soon as possible."

Keith bowed his head in his hands. Was she right? Would he be a handicap to Gloria's future? Would Gloria's love die if she continued to live with him, a deaf-mute?

Mrs. Ramsey looked on triumphantly. She knew she had won Keith with her plea. If she could win Gloria as easily, she knew she would be able to separate the young couple with each believing the other had grown tired of the matrimonial bond.

She was somewhat shocked at the careworn look that had come into Keith's face in the last few minutes. Still he was scarcely twenty-five, and boys of his age seldom carry a load of sorrow for long. Soon he would meet some nice deaf-mute girl, and all thoughts of Gloria would vanish. Gloria, too, would soon find another mate more fitted to her station in life. Mrs. Ramsey felt almost proud of the work she was accomplishing. She could even afford to be a little kind to the young man beside her.

"I know how you feel now, Keith," she patted him tenderly on the arm. "I am sorry I had to use such hard words to make you understand, but you know I am doing it all for the best. You will not lose money by leaving your business for a year. I will provide sufficient funds for you to travel a year, and, of course, Gloria will not ask for alimony."

The young man drew himself up sharply. "Thank you, no," he signed quickly. "I have all the money I need. You have already paid for Gloria's operation. I cannot ask more from you, and if possible I will repay you for it as soon as I can."

"No, no. It is right that I should pay for the operation. I refuse to allow you to refund that money. If you ever find yourself in need of funds, do not hesitate to let me know."

"I cannot take your money, Mrs. Ramsey." He glanced at the door of his wife's room. "Could I see her before I go?"

"I think it would be best for you not to disturb her. But if you must—"

"Perhaps you are right. It might make it harder." Keith picked up his hat and overcoat. "Good-bye. I will leave town as soon as I can arrange things at the office. I will leave my address with the company, and you can call me if anything happens and I am needed."

Gloria Kendell sat in her invalid chair gazing out on the street. After two months she could hear almost perfectly, and the doctor had said her ear drums were almost entirely healed and she could soon dispense with her ear pieces she



was now required to wear to modify the sounds around her. In another week she would be able to go out and around, and her mother was often talking about the joys of attending the theatre and church, pleasures her deafness had caused her to miss so many years.

But Gloria was not in a happy frame of mind. Her hearing brought none of the joys she had anticipated. When deaf she had found a great deal of pleasure in the motion pictures, the deaf church service, and the frequent informal socials given by her deaf friends. Then, too, she had her husband and cozy little bungalow. She smiled wistfully as tender little memories flitted across her mind. It had been such fun to watch the vegetable garden grow. And how she loved to pour over the cook books trying to find a new way to use up the left over scraps and surprise Keith.

Keith? What was he doing now, she wondered. Why had he left her in such an abrupt fashion without a word? Was he angry because she let her mother persuade her into an operation that had succeeded. Of course she had wanted it, for could she not do as much for her beloved deaf friends now that she could hear and could do more to influence the hearing people to give the deaf a fair chance. But she had talked this over with Keith many times, and he always seemed pleased at the idea. Her mother had said something about a divorce, but there would be no divorce if she could help it. Why, she loved Keith with all her body and soul. She belonged to him!

For many days she had wondered why Keith had left her. Mrs. Ramsey had been very vague in her explanation. She subtly hinted that Keith had not wanted a hearing wife who would outshine him and make his defect conspicuous. Besides he had sensibly realized he would handicap her future, and had left her rather than find himself in the way.

Gloria could scarcely believe this of Keith. It was not like him to go off without explanation to her. He had either misunderstood her, or had been influenced by her mother to leave her so she could obtain a divorce. But her mother would not have done such an underhanded thing. She knew how much they thought of each other, and what mother would wish to wreck such a perfect marriage as theirs had been?

"What is my little daughter thinking about now?" asked Mrs. Ramsey, coming over to her daughter's side. "I hope you are looking forward to the future good times I have planned for you, my dear."

Gloria sighed. What good would theatres and concerts do her without Keith to sit beside her and hold her hand as he did in the old days at the movies.

"I was not thinking of the things you planned, mother. I was trying to think of the reason Keith left me."

"My dear child, don't trouble your head over Keith. No one knows why a man leaves his wife. Probably a fairer maiden—"

"Probably you told him I should be better off without him," interrupted Gloria, angered at her mother's levity.

"Who told you? Has he—?" Mrs. Ramsey stopped short, realizing she was betraying herself.

"Then that was it, Mother!" The anger in Gloria's voice startled Mrs. Ramsey. She had never seen her daughter in such a mood before. "You sent Keith away by making him believe I would not love him if I could hear. You lied to him, you know it! You thought my hearing would make a difference. You are mistaken. I love Keith all the more, now that I know what a sacrifice he would make for me. What a test for my poor Keith. But I am not going to hear, Mother. I am going to take out these ear pieces and let the noise come in. The doctor said it would break the ear drums, and if it does I won't be too good for Keith, and you won't care to keep me if I can't hear."

"Gloria! Gloria! You mustn't do that. Think of what it will mean. Think of the years ahead of you. For my

sake, Gloria, you mustn't take them out. Keith would say the same. I'll let you go back to him if you will only leave the ear pieces in and try to keep your hearing!"

But her words were too late. Gloria had already plucked out the small rubber ear pieces the doctor had placed in her ears after the operation. Suddenly the world seemed to have broken loose. The cool air rushed into her delicate ears, and her mother's voice resounded in shrill blasts. Mercifully the world seemed to grow dark, and she fell forward in her chair unconscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some weeks later a pale-faced girl descended from the train at the small village of Sherdianville. Inquiring her way of the villagers, she soon found herself in front of a large factory.

"Does Mr. Keith Kendell, a deaf-mute, work here?" She inquired of the doorman.

"Yes, ma'am. He's one of the new book-keepers in the office. Shall I tell him you want to see him?"

"Yes, please. Tell him his wife, Gloria Kendell, wishes to see him on important matters. It's so near six o'clock, don't you think he could leave now?"

"I guess so, ma'am. Stay here until I see."

"Mr. Kendell said to ask you to go in. He's all alone there and isn't quite finished," said the man on his return.

Gloria was surprised at the change in Keith as she entered the small office room. He was much thinner than when she had last seen him, and his face was haggard and aged. Impulsively she ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. It needed no signs to show how glad she was to see him.

"How thin you are!" she signed. "Have you been ill?"

"No; only working, and anxious about you."

"Now I shall make you fat again. You will starve yourself if I am not around to look after you."

"Your mother? Did she not tell you I left you so you could get your divorce?"

"Silly! Why should I want a divorce from the nicest man in the world. I will not let you off that easy. I am going to live with you from now on. Do you think I could be happy without you?"

"But you do not realize what a handicap I will be to you. You must take your rightful place in the world now."

"I am sorry, but I can't."

"Because I should hinder you."

Gloria laughed. "No. Only because I can't hear any more!"

"What! The operation failed?" a look of happiness flashed over Keith's face a moment, but almost at once it gave place to a look of deep concern.

"The operation succeeded, but when I heard what mother had said to you about me, I was so angry I tore out the ear pieces and let my ear drums break." And she told Keith what had occurred between her mother and herself a few weeks before.

"I couldn't help it, Keith," she finished. "I never could have enjoyed my hearing without you, and you would always have thought yourself in my way if I had come back to you as I was. Now there is no barrier between us, and we can begin again where we left off before that horrid operation spoiled it all. You do love me just as well now, don't you?"

Keith looked down at her, realizing all at once what a wonderful girl his wife was to sacrifice her hearing to keep on through life with him.

"What courage you had to do this!" his signs were reverent. "May my love be big enough to justify it all."

She smiled and shook her head. Putting her arms around his neck, she looked up into his face and spoke.

Though a very poor lip-reader, Keith knew what she had said. It was:

"Not courage, dear, just love."

THE END



WREATH CEREMONY AT GALLAUDET STATUE ON GALLAUDET CAMPUS, DECEMBER 10, 1920.

## Nature's Symphony

By BOB WHITE



YOU cannot tell me silence reigns among those eternal hills.

The streams that run with rapid change from rocks to roses, the birds and the bees, the crickets, the saucy chipmunk, and even the lowly coyote—all blend their voices in the symphony of the Great-of-Doors.

It's among such surroundings that man is brot face to face with his Creator. No matter how calloused he may have become from spending the better part of his life in the city, a week among the hills will do him more good than all the church-going he has done in years. The hills and the groves were God's first temples, and they are still a splendid place to gain inspiration. For, do not His sermons ring from each mighty, towering crest?

*"It isn't the temple, stone on stone,  
It isn't the organ's wonderful tone,  
It isn't the colored window lights  
That darkens the Heaven's broad daylight;  
But the sound of the breeze  
In the shimmering trees,  
And the miracle ever unsprung from the sod  
That is God.*

*"It isn't the altars made of clay,  
It isn't the worship that wears for a day,  
It isn't the hymn whose sound is rife  
And meaningless in a world of strife;  
But the spirit that gleams  
By the winds and the streams,  
And the mystery cloaked in the commonest clod  
That is God."*

There have been times when I scoffed at thots of Heaven, and I've laughed about a God; sometimes I've called the Bible just a pack of foolish lies. Came the time, however, when I heard the angels singing in the nodding pines, and found the

trail to glory in the moonlit skies at night while sitting by the campfire.

On the crest of yonder hill a coyote lifts his voice in requiem to the dying day; on the other side of the stream, myriads of crickets are chirping just as the sun sinks beyond the pine-clad ridge. In the flower-strewn meadow just opposite camp, the cattle are lowing—while down thru the glorious coloring of the west an eagle soars swiftly to its nest among the crags.

The birds and the bees have hushed their voices, but the stream keeps up the refrain. The Katy-dids are quarreling as of old "Katy-did—Katy-didn't;" off to the right a coyote raises its mournful voice. And out of the deep twilight, an owl calls—*"Who—w-h-o-o?"*

*"The lure of the mystic mountains,  
The call of the rushing stream,  
The luring whine of the wind-swept pine  
Awaken again the dream.  
Dream of the old-time freedom,  
Dream of the old-time thrills;  
And I hear once more, as in years before,  
The call to return to the hills.*

*The sleeping spirits have awakened,  
And the heart of me is aglow,  
A vision calls from the canon walls,  
And the soul of me says GO;  
The trail stretches out before me  
Straight to the mountain's span,  
Like a beckoning hand from an enchanted land.  
And I'm off to the hills again."*

The evening shadows are upon the mountains; the hills grow dark; the campfire burns low. I glance at the brook sparkling in the moonlight, then toward the tent where "Sis" and "Chum" are fast asleep.



FRAGRANT TIMOTHY

Little Timmy was one of nine children of a hard-working mother. He was a much soiled and rather odorous pupil. The teacher endured him for a time, and then wrote a note to his mother, asking her to scour him.

The mother sent this note in reply: "Timmy ain't no rose. Don't smell him. Learn him!"

EVER NOTICE?

"Uncle Frank," said little James, "what is the difference between 'cute' and 'sneaky'?"

"According to your mother," said Uncle Frank reflectively, "it's the difference between what you do and what Mrs. Brown's little boy does."—Many Newspapers.

INDEED!

First Suffragette: "It's very discouraging. The average woman I talk with doesn't take the slightest interest in suffrage."

Second Suffragette: "Never mind, my dear. Work on steadfastly. We're bound to win, you know. Trust in the Lord—she's on our side!"

A SATISFACTORY EXCUSE

Olaf Larson, working in a warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horrified, the employees rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.

"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tol 'em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."—Everybody's.



# The ARGONAUT

by J.W. HOWSON

## Legislation Against The Deaf



**H**IS is the day of prohibition. **Es is verboten** signs have not yet appeared, except upon the highways and in the parks, where public safety demands their usage. Nevertheless, through the laws of the land, we behold a portion of the people dictating to the rest what they shall eat or drink and even in a way how they shall dress and sleep, work and play. That portion of the population who do the dictating are usually very earnest in their demands and convinced that they are right, and history and the disinterested opinions of third parties usually support their contentions. As to the parties dictated to, they generally consider any restrictions upon their customs and manner of living as infringements upon their personal rights as individuals. From them comes the inevitable protest, the volume and intensity of the latter depending upon the numbers of the "oppressed." Where any considerable proportion of the population have their "rights" curtailed, as in the case of those denied their customary access to alcoholic liquors, the protest is sure to be strong and violent. Few people can honestly deny the evil effects of strong drink, carried to excess. The demoralizing results are all too evident to permit of refutation. Yet the efforts to enforce the prohibition act have met with such determined opposition, that enforcement officers have practically ceased their efforts towards

reforming individual offenders and have turned their energies towards cutting off the supply at its source.

On other hand, there is a form of prohibition known as unjust and intolerant. It took centuries of bloody war and ages of suffering to convince civilized peoples that



Mr. Lipsett in the pilot house of a 12,000 ton tanker, constructed at the plant of the Union Construction Company. The name of the boat appears at the side of the pilot house and is a fair sample of Mr. Lipsett's craftsmanship.



This picture will introduce you to Mr. Isaac R. Lipsett, against whom some malicious person filed charges of physical disability to drive an automobile. Mr. Lipsett's physical equipment consists of 225 pounds of bone and muscle. He has filed a physician's report with the state motor commission and looks ready to meet the situation. Incidentally Mr. Lipsett is one of the best deaf drivers in the state. He has never met with an accident. This picture was taken of a 1200 mile drive.

there must be no religious intolerance. Yet there are religious fanatics who would be only too glad to impose their beliefs upon others, even at the cost of all that posterity has done to build up state and nation, home and fireside. That a man's home is his castle and must for no ordinary reasons be invaded, is another right handed down to us by the experience of ages. Where this right is disregarded as in the case of ultra-modern Russia, vice and disease, death and famine stalk.

This is a normal world, so to speak, and governed largely by people considered normal. Any class of people differentiated physically or otherwise from the general run of the populace are usually termed abnormal. It seems to be the policy of the governing classes, the majority, to devise regulations and impose restrictions upon the abnormal classes, who are greatly in the minority, such as will be to the best interests of the majority. Of course there is a certain amount of tolerance, such as humanity would dictate, but in general, the interests of the majority are paramount.

Now the deaf are usually considered an abnormal class. Their abnormality lies in their lack of the ability to speak and hear. In other respects they may be, and often are, superior to the general run of mankind. The desire of the majority is that the deaf shall speak and, in a way, hear in such a manner as will most nearly approximate those methods used by the rest of humanity. That this

is not necessarily a selfish desire may be shown by the fact that the wish comes chiefly from those who have the well-being of the deaf most at heart, the parents of the deaf.

The natural mode of communication between the deaf is through the medium of finger-spelling and signs. Always there is a combination; finger-spelling adds perspicuity of thought to signs and signs add zest to finger-spelling and break the monotony of the latter. It has, however, been found that in order to educate the deaf to most nearly approach methods of communication commonly employed by the majority of the people, signs must be forbidden. That the use of signs is a detriment to the acquisition of knowledge is another matter, and one not yet proven. Indeed, it seems that signs are a medium for rapid acquisition of information by many of the deaf, whose mentality or environment would not permit of their securing the same otherwise.

This forbidding the use of signs has aroused the ire of many of the deaf. But the fear that signs will eventually disappear and lead the deaf into that isolated existence which was their portion before the coming of the Abbe de l' Epee is groundless. Every deaf-mute and every hearing person cognizant with the sign language is a potential bootlegger of signs. You can forbid the deaf using signs, but you can't prevent their being in the class



Construction Company, of Oakland, a firm employing thousands of men. He is here shown surrounded by specimens of his work.

that needs a law to make them quit signing. The only way to abolish signs is to cure deafness.

A certain class of protected deaf have been raised in an environment free from signs. Where there is any danger of their coming into contact with the signs they have been taught to avoid the latter as they would sin. Of these we may say, to paraphrase the poet:

*Signs are a monster of such hideous mein,  
That to be hated, need but to be seen,  
But seen too often, we first abhor,  
Then pity, then embrace.*

#### Aloofness of the Few

A few individual deaf choose to hold aloof from their brethren, and having mounted their little pedestal criticize the work and mode of living of the mass of the deaf. These individuals seem like black sheep in the fold. They choose the rockiest path and without any show of common sense, but with a great display of stubbornness, continue to follow it. Occasionally they break out into print, with an outburst of oral propaganda, as if currying favor in certain quarters. The only good thing about such individuals is their opinion of themselves.

#### No Reason for Alarm

Apart from his disposition to associate largely with others of his own kind, the average adult deaf person tries to lead a normal life. He desires to marry, to have a home and be a part of the community, just as are others around him. From certain quarters there has come a disposition to criticize intermarriage of the deaf. This is not without reason considering the hereditary tendency towards deafness, but as this tendency is not serious and as there are other classes requiring far more attention from the eugenisists, little alarm need be felt by the deaf at present.

#### The Deaf and the Automobile.

Barring the recent period of industrial depression, which has struck all alike, industrial conditions of the deaf were perhaps never better than at present. The practice of labor unions in bunching individuals, irrespective of physical defects, has been of great assistance to deaf craftsmen. No law looms up as detrimental to the interests of the deaf, except that of employers liability insurance, and this is in most cases being satisfactorily circumvented. In the case of unprotected deaf, a few employers have taken advantage of the mythical law of supply and demand to give the former additional work for regular pay, or decreased pay, for a standard amount of work.

In their general intercourse with the hearing the deaf no doubt meet with many petty annoyances and unusual situations due to their lack of hearing, but most of them, being a philosophical lot take, this as being all in the day's work. Any deaf law-abiding citizen has about as many privileges as the hearing. No organized effort has been made seeking to impose restrictions upon the deaf save in the matter of motor transportation. The deaf automobile driver has met with opposition and in certain parts of the country, driving of automobiles by the deaf has been forbidden. Of course this is not a measure in the interest of the deaf, as is the leading cause back of the effort to abolish signs, irrespective of whether the latter course is really beneficial. The effort to banish the deaf automobilist is clearly in the interest of the majority. The general public is not looking to the safety of the deaf driver, but fears the damage he may inflict upon others, that is themselves, in case of accidents. It is notorious that the average driver never dreams that any impending accident may be due to his own carelessness; it is always the other fellow who must be watched and guarded against. The only need an automobilist has of hearing, and in fact the only thing he can hear upon the road, is the honking of an auto in his rear and which is coming up to pass. The extra cautiousness of the deaf easily overcomes this deficiency and there are mirror attachments which afford to every driver a full view of the road behind. Nevertheless the deaf are in a decided minority and there is no telling where the will of the majority may strike. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are other classes of persons whose handling of autos is far more dangerous to the general public than that of the deaf, which serves in a large measure to focus public attention elsewhere than on the deaf.

Occasionally some malicious individual will make covert attacks on the deaf. Mr. Isaac R. Lipsett, of Oakland, was a recent victim of such an attack. The charge was made that he was physically unfit to operate an automobile. The city commissioners, before whom he was compelled to appear, gasped in astonishment at the 225 pounds of bone and muscle which constitute Mr. Lipsett's physical equipment. Mr. Lipsett's next step was to file with the state commission a physician's report as to his physical condition. The doctor who made this report, Dr. Clarence W. Page, is one of the leading physicians of this section, and his method of making the examination is certainly novel, as the following letter will show. Dr.

Page rode with Mr. Lipsett for several hours through the business section of the town, across railroad tracks, and in other avenues of travel.

Motor Vehicle Department,  
State of California.  
Dear Sir:

I have carefully examined Mr. I. R. Lipsett of 532 30th St., Oakland, and find him in excellent physical condition except that he is quite hard of hearing. He does not hear ordinary conversation, but does hear loud conversation. His eyesight is excellent and he is mentally very alert. I have ridden with him and observed that he is a careful driver and uses his rear sight mirrors and signals properly. In fact I consider him a safer than the average driver.

This raises a serious question affecting the welfare of a number of deaf persons who are operating automobiles in California. So far as I can learn no accident has been reported which could be directly attributed to this deficiency. In fact it is common knowledge that the powers of observation in the deaf are usually more alert than normal in the absence of associated defects of vision.

In summary, I do not consider Mr. Lipsett to be inefficient or unsafe as a driver of a motor vehicle.

Very sincerely yours,  
CLARENCE W. PAGE.

The above letter was written several months ago, but up to date Mr. Lipsett has had no word from the motor vehicle department, and none is expected. This is, however, is probably only one of numerous complaints which have been made to the department concerning the deaf, and were it not for the fact that other classes of people are being complained of far more frequently, the case of the deaf would be brought to a crisis. The deaf are only a very small minority in the vast populace of ours and no one may say where or when the next blow may fall. The interests of the deaf can best be preserved by their joining the organizations which are looking out for their interest and by supporting the publications which are endeavoring to disseminate proper information concerning the deaf to the public at large.

## Camping Trip

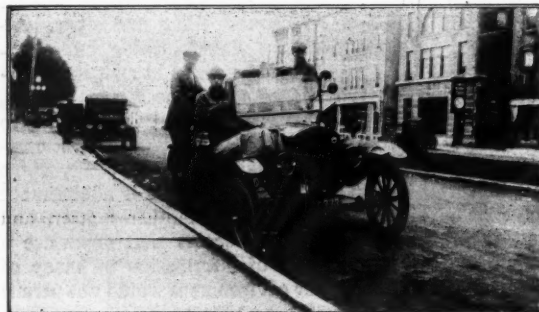
On the 3rd of September four of the Utica Frats—Dewey Marsh, Seymour Richardson, Clyde Hills and John Stahl— assembled their camping outfit and piled into the Ford roadster owned by Dewey Marsh. With Marsh at the wheel, they got under way at 2:30 in the afternoon, their objective point being Clayton. At Boonville they stopped to take on Dewey Hughes and from there the party continued on the State road and reached Clayton at 8:30 P.M., without having had a mishap of any kind.

They were directed to a nice location in Clayton Park, reserved for campers, and there they pitched their tent, cooked their meals and slept the sleep of the weary. Mr. Lewis D.



YOU NEVER HEAR OF THE DEAF DRIVER DOING THIS.

Huffstater, a deaf photographer and art dealer, who conducts a steadily growing business in Clayton during the tourist season, was very glad to meet his old friends and would gladly have given them the trip through the Thousand Islands, had



STARTING ON THE TRIP

time permitted. The brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Huffstater was much enjoyed, as was the unexpected pleasure of meeting Miss Helen Curtis, of Norwich, N. Y., and Mr. Napoleon Emio. At Alexandria Bay the party saw many interesting and beautiful sights and on the return trip a stop was made at Watertown, where they were pleased to meet James Landon, Charles Upham,



SATISFYING THE INNERMAN.

Welcome Middlemiss and Miss Anna Broderick. Mr. Landon, who not long ago became a benedict, works in a restaurant in Watertown and his friends enjoyed seeing him in action as shown in the accompanying illustration. The affair was effectively "staged" to edify their friends.

## THE MAN WHO DOES HIS BEST

We cannot all be geniuses, or conquer wealth and fame,  
We cannot all do wondrous things, to make ourselves a name

We cannot all feel confident of meeting every test,  
But when we have our work to do, we all can do our best,  
Our best may not be wonderful, judged by a standard high,  
But we can all do something well, if we will only try.  
And if we try our level best, performing every task  
With all our might, why, that is all that anyone can ask,  
We cannot all be famous—if we were it would cheapen fame,

We cannot all be rich enough to give ourselves a name,  
We cannot all expect to be distinguished from the rest,  
But some reward is certain for the man who does his best.

—Selected.

## THE DANDIEST

It is one of the dandiest publication I have ever received.  
More power to you all.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. F. EBERHARDT.



# The Silent Worker Club

Edited by WARREN M. SMALTZ



LITTLE while ago seven persons in New England, of which three were women, received medals for heroism in their daily work. The medals represent the method chosen by Theodore N. Vail, the great genius of the telephone business, to give honor and recognition wherever it is due, to men and women who have by some signal service or by unusual merit in conduct advanced the standard of industry. Peace has its heroes no less than does war, and often they prove to be of better steel. The man who performs some unusual act of self-sacrifice in order to keep the wheels of industry going, or who labors courageously until he can toil no more, is possibly a greater hero in the sight of Heaven than is he who, in a moment of madness, hurls himself upon the cannon's mouth. In the former case there is no expectation of reward or glory; it is a response to the call of duty, pure and simple.

There are more Theodore Vails standing ready to reward "distinguished service." But the persons qualified to receive such recognition are pitifully few. How many of us are slackers or chronic deserters in the army of workers? How many who are content to let their general fight the battle alone, instead of hurling themselves heart and head into the fight? Depend upon it, the captains of industry were once privates in the ranks; but with this difference,—they relied upon their own strength and high resolves to win, instead of hanging back to let the other fellow do it. The world is full of disgruntled shirkers who not only will not toil manfully themselves, but who envy and bear malice toward those who do. The highest aspiration that some men seem capable of is more pay and shorter hours. The real soldier of industry never gives himself a passing thought; he is too busy materializing big visions. If he thinks of himself at all, it is with an almost apologetic regret at not being able to do more.

The pressing need of business is for more men of the true soldier type, and fewer men with the instincts of brigands.

What shall we say of war? It is a time of backsliding for all that is best in the human character; a time when the basest hatreds, and passions, and mad frenzies are given an unchecked license to enact a colossal slaughter, the full horror of which is only perceived after the mad fever has subsided. Those who know war best are the ones least willing to encourage it. Witness General Sherman: "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war . . . . It is only those who have not heard a shot, nor the shrieks and groans of the wounded, friend or foe, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."

The pity of it! There has never been a war that was worth a fraction of its cost. There has never been one which could not have been averted by just and equitable action on both sides. "War," said Disraeli, "is not a solution; it is an aggravation." The more complete the victory on one side, the more certainly will the other side gird itself for a renewed struggle at the earliest convenient moment. War begets war.

The cause of war? It is a case of nurtured opportunity being father to the fact. Excessive armies and navies, boundaries bristling with guns, and a nation of men filled with the foolish pride of martial glory cunningly nurtured from infancy in school-book, song and story,—all these things constitute an arsenal full of high explosives waiting only for a spark of madness to cause a devastating explosion.

*"To safeguard peace we must prepare for war,—  
I know that maxim, it was forged in hell!"*

The fearful cost of war! It is born by later generations, thanks to the diabolical ingenuity of Pitt. On the plea that the world belongs to the present inhabitants, a reckless waste of lives and money is foolishly countenanced, which generations yet unborn must pay for in full by the sweat of their brows. The vicious system of indirect taxation leads the people into the vain delusion that they can escape from the inevitable settlement.

War reverses the ordered process of nature. The unfit survive, and the worthy are slaughtered by the millions. The flower of young manhood, those most distinguished for complete self-surrender to high ideals, just principles, and lofty ambitions, are the very ones who by necessity and choice become "cannon fodder." If only some Newton or Kelper or Laplace would discover the mathematical formula for calculating the total loss which the world has suffered through the waste of potential geniuses by the carnage of war! What masterpieces of art, of literature, of philosophical thought are lost to the world forever,—irretrievably lost,—because some besotted ruler aspired to a little empty glory? Was it not Kipling who wrote the lines?—

*"Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet,  
The flower of England's chivalry?  
Wild grasses are their winding sheet,  
And sobbing waves their threnody."*

The brave, the strong, the fleet, are the ones who perish. And the weaklings and incompetents stay safely at home, where they breed and propagate others of their kind; and thus help to form an inferior race of men who must strive and toil for centuries to repair the havoc wrought in national stamina and morale. War is waste.

The Knocker, you know him,—  
He does what he shouldn't, he shouldn't do what he does;  
He works to ruin others, he ruins others' work;  
He can't find what he wants, he don't want what he finds;  
He don't care how others think, he don't think how others care;  
He never thinks he don't know, he never knows he don't think;  
He is out to find faults, and faults find him out;  
He gets what he deserves and he deserves what he gets.

Robert Herrick was a most charming English lyricist. As an example of his graceful style let us quote a stanza from his poem "To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time":

*"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying."*

We can quite agree with the sentiment expressed, if the wider view is taken to gain what we can of appreciation for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. But we think we could revise the verse to good moral purpose, though its careless charm would certainly suffer from the change, as for example:

*"Scatter ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And this same brother who smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying."*

Really, the result of the revision is rather startling. But it is also pertinent. The accepted custom of decorating the bier and final resting place of the dead is doubtless to be commended. It

supplies a vast deal of satisfaction to the *donors*. But why not scatter a few "rosebuds" among the living, when they will still be appreciated by the *recipients*, and thus serve another purpose besides that of salving the conscience of the donor? It is a sad commentary on mankind that many of its greatest benefactors have been allowed to pass away without the reward of even a rosebud. We go to great pains and expense to erect a shaft, carved from marble, on some honored person's grave, only to see it gradually succumb to the ravages of time. A kind word of praise, a single word of appreciation and encouragement spoken into the starved ears of a living brother, costs us nothing at all, would be immeasurably prized by the recipient, and would constitute a tribute that cannot be destroyed by time or tide. Moreover, the greater the inherent nobility of a man, the more truly does he value the reward of a "rosebud."

The extraordinary power and influence of kind words is not fully realized. When all other resources have failed to accomplish a given thing, a kind word will do it, easily and pleasantly. Great generals, statesmen, and leaders of men know this fact, and constantly make use of the knowledge. Is a man able to perform a given task? Let another give him a few words of kindly praise, and the chances are the man's ability to achieve will acquire a ten-fold vigor.

What great power, then, lies within the humblest of us to influence the march of events! Who can calculate the full effects of kind words uttered to some great man upon whose shoulders rest great responsibilities? Perhaps that is what Walter Savage Landor had in mind when he said, "On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations." It is startling but true that a kind word, spoken even into the ears of early childhood, may have consequences which heaven alone can adequately estimate. "Does not almost every one remember," asks Douglas Jerrold, "some kindhearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood?" The burning memory of such a kindness may be the one restraining chain that prevents some unfortunate from losing his faith in mankind; and it may be the primal impulse that impels a greater soul to achieve a noble destiny. Then

*"Scatter ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying."*

#### WOULDN'T CARE IF THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE WAS RAISED

Whenever I received my copy of *THE SILENT WORKER*, I was so eager to pursue its contents—like a hungry man devours his meal—that I never thought of looking at label on the wrapper to see when my subscription had expired. I most humbly beg pardon, and offer a thousand apologies for my negligence. Really, Sir, I cannot afford to be without *THE SILENT WORKER*, even if you had doubled or trebled the subscription price to the Habitant of "Our Lady of the Snows," since it is the *creme de la creme* of any and all other papers published in the interests of the Deaf. It may be *SILENT* in name, perhaps because of its extreme modesty, but as a *WORKER* for the Deaf, by the Deaf and about the Deaf, suffice it to say: *Chapeaux bas*.

WILLIAM K. LIDDY.

WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA.

#### SAYS DEAF ARE MADE TO HEAR BY MEANS OF FINGER SURGERY

Dr. Muncle demonstrated his newly discovered method of procedure. The operation is performed under "laughing gas," the anaesthesia which is so commonly used by dentists during the extraction of teeth. The specialist uses no instruments, the operation being done by the finger in the nose and throat of the patient.

Dr. Muncle explained that it had been discovered that most cases of deafness are due to interference with the ventilation of the internal ear. Such cases can be cured or helped, but he emphasized the fact that deafness from other causes is not amenable to this treatment.

There is a little air tube which connects the inner ear with the throat, which Dr. Muncle explained is a damning bit of evidence that man is still somewhat of a poor fish. In other words, this tube is a remnant showing the evolutionary connection of man with the fish. It is the human vestige of the gill.

Chronic nasal catarrh causes adhesions to form about the throat end of this tube. These adhesions distort the tube and prevent normal circulation of air to the ear. The cure of this form of deafness, therefore, consists of the removal of these adhesions by the finger. When these adhesions have thus been removed ventilation and hearing are restored.—N. Y. Evening Telegram

### Deaf Man Wins Prize



MR. AND MRS. NELSON I. SNYDER.

The man in the picture is Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of Dayton, Ohio. He was at one time—about thirty years ago—editor and publisher of the *Blanchester (Ohio) Star* published in a town of about 2,000 souls, within fifty miles ride from Cincinnati. He also published the *Lewis Valley Echo*, at West Alexandria, Ohio, near Dayton.

Mr. Snyder is highly intelligent, a polished writer and a graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf in the eighties. He married Hattie Holland of West Alexandria, Ohio, also a graduate of the Ohio School.

Mr. Snyder is an employee in the composing room of the Brethren Publishing House in Dayton, the management which offered several hundred dollars in prizes to its employees for the best efficiency suggestions. The second prize (\$90.00) was awarded to Mr. Snyder for recommending that all old type and old metal of which there was a large quantity about the plant, be sold and turned into cash. There were 250 other competitors.

## Samuel Hutton Tells Thrilling Story

[Samuel Hutton is a son of deaf parents. Although he could hear, he was educated at the Fanwood (N. Y.) and Columbus, Ohio, Schools for the Deaf, probably because of deficient speech and hearing. Now he can talk and hear perfectly—Ed. Worker.]

**E**NLISTED with the Canadian Recruits at the Postoffice in New York City on June 3, 1917. I left New York on June 3d in order to be transferred to Montreal, Canada. We stayed there a few hours, then boarded the ship "Beltana" and sailed on June 4th for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to join a convoy. We arrived in Halifax on the night of June 5th and left the next morning. Our convoy was one of the biggest which left Canada. There were thirty ships, escorted by twelve British destroyers from Nova Scotia. On June 8th, the morning of Decoration Day, we were attacked by three submarines. Two were sunk off our port bow, the other got away. Destroyers dropped depth bombs all the morning. On June 20th, we sighted land out in the harbor of Liverpool, England. We remained in harbor under strict orders until 7 P. M. We were unloaded from the ship until 8 P. M., and loaded in the special fast train with two engines, resembling an American coach. We arrived in Sandwiches, Kent, England, at 11 A. M., and met the general staff and music band at the station. We were marched down to the regimental camp following the general staff and the band. This is one of the most wonderful resorts in England, and we enjoyed the privilege of staying there two weeks. We were received by King George and the royal family, Queen Mary, and the Prince of Wales.

On the morning of July 6th, we were ordered to Mesopotamia, near Africa, but later were sent to France. We left England at 10 A. M. to cross the channel and landed in Calais, France, at 2 P. M., and went to rest at Camp Six there. On July 6th, we experienced our Boche air raid. Heavy bombs were dropped around the camp. Our regiment was furnished gas-masks, British guns and ammunition. On July 8th, there was another big air raid. We left Calais on July 9th, at 4 A. M., and landed in Lumbres France, where we had our first experience in billets. They were old stone houses which had been built many years ago. Twenty-six of us slept in a sheep barn with twelve sheep. The air raid was going on in Lumbres, from July 10th to 15th, ten Frenchmen being killed. The houses across from us were blown up. On July 15th, we were reviewed by the Duke of Connaught, brother of King George. On July 16th, we were inspected by General Haig and General Bing, and from July 16th to 18th were in reserve on the Arras front line near the city of Arras. On July 16th, we received orders again, and went, forty men in a car, about one-half the size of an American box-car. We travelled in that way for two days with no place to sit or sleep. We arrived in Houvilau on July 20th. We were attacked by long range guns and continual heavy air raid. We could not go out at night without being un-

der heavy shell fire, but we, of course, had to go for water and other things. From July 25th to 27th, we were laying in reserves, waiting for orders to be taken over the line. On July 28th, the fracas began. We started out on the northern route, travelling in the British army motor trucks to Ypres, Belgium. We staid there for two days, expecting to go into Zoonbecke, Belgium. We went swimming in the Marne, with hundreds of dead Germans lying on the bottom. During these dates, we travelled nights and slept days, keeping well under cover. No one was allowed to smoke. We retook land which the Germans had captured, eight kilometers, and advanced into the town of Thiaccourt, France. The battalion went into the front line trenches on the 29th. I was stationed in Thiaccourt with the rank of regimental burial sergeant, a non-commissioned

officer. I had charge of burying all the men, Australians, Canadians and Germans. As we passed through gray-haired women got down on their knees, blessed us and kissed our hands. Young children who had been living in dug-outs for four years, were afraid of us. We tried to get them to come and talk to us, but they would not. They were terror-stricken. When the Australians and Canadian boys saw what the Germans had done to young French girls twelve to fifteen years of age, they went wild. Nothing would hold them. No orders would have availed to keep them back. The regiments kept going on and on, maddened by their sights. We went and arrived in Zonnebecke, Belgium. This section had been shell-fired for years. All went finely until six in the evening. My captain ordered me to remain on Airplane No. 26, with Lieut.



SAMUEL HUTTON

Chandler and his two privates and officers. We started to fly up, but the Germans started sending over mustard gas close to us, that we thought we had better stop. Captain Stewart told us to bury the bodies we had and then start for the dug-out. The Germans were too quick for us. A shell hitting very close to us rendered me unconscious, blinding me with high explosive and gas. I was picked up and sent to a field hospital outside of Aire, Belgium. I was unable to talk for five weeks, as the gas had penetrated my throat and lungs. I was then sent to a base hospital at Arras, France, where my eyes were treated. Heavy cloths were kept on them for nine days. We were then transferred to a hospital train and hospital ship to be sent to Folkstone, England, later to King George's Palace Hospital, London, England, and to Bristol, England. There, I was given gas alkaline treatment and electrical treatment. I had been told by the major that if I was unable to get up and around, I could go home. I was unable to get up until March 14, 1918. I was in the convalescent ward waiting for transportation papers from home, America. On July 21st, 1918, we boarded the ship "Justiciania," and sailed on July 23rd with fifteen ships, escorted by one U. S. cruiser and eight destroyers. On the morning of July 26th, we were attacked by two submarines. The ship "Justiciania" received dam-



ages and the other ship "Lapland" came close quickly to save us. We were transferred to the "Lapland" from the "Justiciana." Two submarines were sunk off near Belfast, Ireland, by destroyers. The "Justiciana" returned

to Belfast, Ireland, for repairs, but was attacked again by another submarine. The "Justiciana" was sunk. We arrived in New York, all safe, on August 6th, 1918.

SAMUEL HUTTON.

## Our Prominent Deaf --- Before and After

### *Albert Berg, of Indiana*



Albert Berg in knee pants and Albert Berg as a professor and business man is shown in these two etchings. Mr. Berg is a graduate of the Indiana State School (1881) and of Gallaudet College (B. A., 1886; M. A., 1895). Member of the Indiana school faculty since 1887. Professor of Mathematics. Married in 1890. Have two children—a married daughter and a son, now a University student. During vacations, engaged in the Insurance business.

#### QUOTATION FROM "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"Quite unknown to myself I was while a boy under a hopeless disadvantage in studying nature. I was very nearsighted, so the only things I could study were those I ran against or stumbled over.... It puzzled me to find that my companions seemed to see things to shoot at which I could not see at all. One day they read aloud an advertisement in huge letters on a distant billboard, and then realized that something was the matter, for not only was I unable to read the sign, but I could not even see the letters.

"I spoke to my father of this, and soon afterwards got my first pair of spectacles, which literally opened an entirely new world to me. I had no idea how beautiful the world was until I got those spectacles. I had been clumsy and awkward little boy, and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was doubtless due to general characteristics, a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see yet was wholly ignorant that I was not seeing.

"The recollection of this experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical causes of deficiency

in children who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious or mentally stupid.

#### MR. DAUGHDRILL HONORED

The Executive Board of the Hartwell Campaign Committee selected C. J. Daughdrill, of Mobile, to represent Mr. Hartwell in his election for City Commissioner on the 12th of last September. It was the hottest and hardest political fight ever witnessed in Mobile. Mr. Daughdrill had five auto cars under his direction to get the voters to the polls. Mr. Daughdrill's man won out and Mr. Hartwell complimented him highly for his work, saying he was a better politician than most people who could hear.

#### KNEW HOW

A Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit.

When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"—Harper's Magazine.

# The Woman's Page

Edited by MRS. G. T. SANDERS

## YOUR INCOME AND THE BUDGET SYSTEM



**W**HATEVER a person's income is it is his bounden duty to study all plans for its conservation in order to be able to pay cash as he goes or to meet bills as they come in.

The greater part of the poverty of the average person is due more to carelessness as to the way the money is expended than to the size of his income. He is inclined to avoid reckoning upon unexpected expenses and to let the future take care of itself. Many persons manage to get away with it but it brings unhappiness and embarrassment to the conscientious. He usually fails to set aside sufficient for the coal bill, accidents and illness and the consequent doctor's bill.

How many persons reckon with the law of averages in the incoming and the outgoing of money? Very few—a regrettable state of affairs, indeed! Knowledge is the best safeguard against embarrassing financial situations. Knowing beforehand just how far one may go in spending one's money is the best check in the world.

Household expenses should be treated as great a business matter as that which prevails in large concerns. Leading writers on household management and expenses extol the advantage of the "budget" system. What is the "budget" system? By that system all expenses are apportioned—so much for rent, so much for insurance, so much for clothing and so on thru the list of living expenses, and, it must be confessed that it is apt to tax a person's wits to make the proper proportions especially if one's income is very moderate, and it comes hardest upon the one whose income is irregular. The smaller the income the greater need of the budget system.

The easiest and wisest way to check the useless or careless outgo of money is to carry about as little as possible—to place surplus cash in a nearby bank ready to be drawn upon at a moment's notice.

For the one whose income is limited or irregular the charge account is a delusion and a snare; the average person seldom has the strength of will to charge only as much as he will have the money to meet the bill at the first of the month. It is so easy to run up charge accounts; it is not as easy to meet the bill promptly.

It will probably be difficult for the elderly person to start the budget but the newly-wed should and can make a good beginning of the new life by adopting it and sticking to it.

Watch your step—be sure you have the money, then go ahead.

L. M. S.



## HOW TO RUN A CAR

There is in circulation what purports to be an English translation of the Japanese rules of the road for motorcars posted in the central police station of Tokio for the benefit of English-speaking visitors to the city. It deserves the widest possible publicity, for it is couched in such language as will impress it on the memory of all motorcar drivers. Here it is:

First. At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.

Second. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

Third. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstructs your passage tootle him with vigor and express by word of the mouth the warning "Hi! Hi!"

Fourth. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

Fifth. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

Sixth. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

Seventh. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

Eighth. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

We suggest that drivers inclined to be careless cut this out and paste it on the windshield where they can see it all the time.



## PERSONALITY

Variety, we say, is the spice of life.

Nature provides many sorts of flowers. We'd tire even of the rose if we had no other flower.

The seasons alternate. Perpetual summer or perpetual winter is monotony.

The weather changes. Sun all the time is as undesirable as continuous rain.

National customs differ. Modes of dress and of architecture are not the same: Languages are minutely subdivided into dialects.

Life at sea is utterly different from life on land. To board a ship is the next thing of "going from the world we know to one a wonder still."

A voyage through the air is not like a journey by water or on land.

All through our lives the rule of perpetual variance prevails.

And so it is with persons. The inexhaustible resourcefulness of Nature in creating so many types of character, so many faces, infinitely various in feature, is amazing.

Nature did not intend us to look and walk and act and feel too much alike. She meant us to own our souls, to develop individuality, to speak out of our minds with our own voices; in short, to assert a personality.

Life is too tame and tepid if we remain neutral in the background always.

Seekers of the limelight and the headlines we have with us always, and they are odious.

But it is possible to have a strongly developed personality without making a bid for noisy notoriety.

It is important that we should dare to be ourselves, that we should be willing to be different. If through moral cowardice we invariably assent to the prevailing fashion in our opinions, we make one more in a crowd; but a place of leadership is denied us.

A controlling force wherever he goes, whatever he does, is the man who has convictions, and takes sides, and does not hide on the defensive in a twilight zone trying to assume the tint of the background.

It is a glorious event in a lifetime to meet one who has a strong and vivid personality. To such a personality we cleave where and when we find him, grateful that the contact gives light and accent and electric stimulation to keep us going through "these headlong days."—*Permission-Public Leader Phila.*



## LADY,

Hoping to be much agreeable to our praisise, we invite you to come and see, in our warehouse on Tuesday 29th March 1921, the great choice of Silk Stuffs, choosen amongst the most pretty and profitable from the different firms having exposed to the "Lyon's Fair" just ended this last 15th of March, that all will be sell at cheapest rate.

In the hope to be favoured by your presence, believe us.

Sincerely yours,

THE MANAGEMENT,

Au Grand Paris.

## SELF-INQUIRY

Let no soft slumber close my eyes,  
 Ere I have recollected thrice  
 The train of actions through the day.  
 Where have my feet marked out their way?  
 What have I learnt where'er I've been,  
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
 What know I more that's worth the knowing?  
 What have I done that's worth the doing?  
 What have I sought that I should shun?  
 What duties have I left undone,  
 Or into what new follies run?  
 These self-inquiries are the road  
 That leads to virtue and to God.

—From the *Greek of Pythagoras*.

❖

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

(Miss Audrey Eaton, dean of the matrimonial school of the Chicago Y. W. C. A., says that poor grammar causes more domestic infelicities than poorly cooked meals, and that intelligent "somethings" will do more to hold a husband than sweet nothing.)

Still one by one the dogmas die;  
 The dear beliefs that once were chummy.  
 A husband's heart you need not try  
 To reach by way of husband's tummy.  
 He doesn't care what food he stokes;  
 He doesn't care how scant the ration.  
 Just try the simple boob on jokes  
 And jolly him with conversation.

So says Miss Eaton—in effect.

Perhaps she's right; perhaps mistaken.  
 Some men condone talk incorrect  
 For the sake of well-cooked breakfast bacon.  
 Though grammar crude gnaws at the roots  
 Of all our intellectual bun'ons,  
 No perfect syntax substitutes  
 Successfully for steak and onions.

Wise words are with content alloyed.

There really is no doubt about it.  
 But will they fill an aching void?  
 Well, frankly, Audrey dear, we doubt it.  
 The man that's hard to please is he  
 Who wants good talk and food bewitchin'—  
 Well, let him wed one girl, and she  
 May hire the other for the kitchen.

❖

The housewife, weary of the endless grind of keeping her house in order may be forgiven if she sometimes gives way to discouragement and feels that she is not treated fairly. Mr. Householder's troubles are usually left unmentioned as it is a masculine trait to leave office troubles where they belong, but Wifey cannot get away from the sweeping, dusting, cooking, dishwashing, darning, mending and the care of the children. If she is the fretful, complaining sort, poor hubby gets it both coming and going. So with whom does the pity lie—with Wifey or Hubby?

## WEDDING BELLS

Japes --- Schultz



MR. AND MRS. A. F. JAPES, OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Miss Florence Schultz, of Saginaw and Aloysius F. Japes of Detroit, were married Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, October 5th by Rev. Father Aloysius Webler. The bride wore a brown traveling suit with hat to match. The sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid and the brother of the bridegroom as best man. Following a wedding breakfast, the couple left on a trip to New York and other eastern points. After October 21 they will be at 3535 Montclair Ave., Detroit, Michigan.



# Belfast's Silent Folk

## *Education and Training Appeal for Government Aid*



ON PRESS upon Parliament the claim of the deaf and dumb to a higher standard of education, Government support, and adequate provision for suitable industrial training."

This was the subject of a well-attended meet-

ing held last October in the Mission Hall for the Adult Deaf and Dumb, College Square North, Belfast, the promoters being the local branch of the British Deaf and Dumb Association.

In introducing the proceedings, Mr. R. J. M'Keown, M P., who presided, said under Lord Londonderry's direction the Ministry of Education had been set up in Ulster, and it was his Lordship's intention—in which he (the speaker) thoroughly agreed—to bring as quickly as the resources of the province would permit education in all its branches up to the level of that in England and Scotland, and when he said education in all its branches he, of course, referred also to that particular aspect of it which they were considering there because he believed no section of the community was more worthy of favorable treatment than the deaf and dumb. (Hear, hear). To them education was a necessity and it was, in a way, even more than life itself; and to exclude them would be an injustice altogether foreign to the principles of fair play, which were characteristic of the Northern community. (Applause).

They must, therefore, aim, continued the speaker, to bring the standard of education of the deaf and dumb up to a higher level, and in order to do that certain things must happen. They must have better equipment in their schools. In that respect they were very far behind the schools in other parts of the King-

dom. Again, he thought the industrial training of the deaf and dumb was very important, and he believed it was a sound economic principle. Further, he thought that they should have properly trained teachers, and teachers paid an adequate salary. Money spent on education was a sound investment.

As to the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Parliament, in his opinion, proceeded Mr. M'Keown, those ladies and gentlemen who were interested in any special cause or any special phase of education should come forward and give evidence before that Commission, and, to his mind, in that way they would do

more to further their cause than if they were actually on the Commission itself. He sincerely hoped some suitable and efficient representative of that aspect of education which they were now considering would volunteer and come forward and give particular evidence before the Commission. They had the utmost sympathy of the Minister of Education and of the Ministry as a whole, and it would be their keen desire, as far as the resources of the province would permit, to further the interests of all branches of education, and bring them up to that standard which he believed was necessary for the community. (Applause).

Mr. Ernest Ayliffe moved a resolution to the effect that the deaf and dumb should have the same educational privileges and facilities as other members of the community. They did not ask for pity, but simply for fair treatment. Education to the deaf and dumb, he said, was vital, and money spent on education was something profitable to the State.

Mr. W. J. Baxter, Hon. Secretary of the Belfast branch, seconded the motion, speaking by means of signs, and the resolution, supported by Rev. Canon Browne, Mrs. M'Dougall, Hon. Secretary Rev. H. Lindsay, Mr. W. M'Dougall, Hon. Secretary of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, and others, was unanimously carried.

On the proposition of Mr. L. Edwards, Missionary to the deaf and dumb in Leicester, seconded by Mr. Ayliffe, a vote of thanks was

### Nineteen Twenty-one

BY "OCCASIONAL"

The long and dreary year hath found repose.  
The mad wild year hath scabb'd himself to sleep,  
And o'er his grave the snow hath drifted deep,  
And around his sepulchre the sad wind blows.

Blows, waiting for the wrong the dead have done,  
Sighs softly for the unforgotten good,  
And piles the snow drifts deeper where he stood  
To hide his footprints from the morning sun.

Oh, nineteen twenty-one—we sang you in with joy.  
We hailed thee as a new born "Prince of Peace"  
Whose voice would bid the land's affliction cease,  
Whose might the power of faction would destroy.

We sang you in with joy and faith and hope:  
We fondly dreamed that charity would come  
To every heart and peace to every home  
And plenty reign on every sunny slope.

From sea to sea—but you have broken faith.  
Tumultuous tongues vex all the weary land,  
And doubt and fear by every fireside stand,  
While ghastly strife like some portentous wraith—

Frowns from the future—oh, unhappy year!  
We chide no more although our hearts be chill  
With fear—we know thy heart in death is still,  
And yield thy fate the tribute of a tear.

We turn our eyes towards the east  
To hail the new born year, nineteen twenty-two;  
We see him come out like the glowing sun,  
Robed like a bridegroom for his wedding feast!

In spite of all our fears, we hope the smiling day  
May be bright augury of a happy year,  
Whose perfect love will cast out every fear  
And bring a peace that shall not pass away.

God grant it may—God grant a patriot hand  
May take the helm and guide our ship of state  
Thru storms of faction and high surging hate,  
To some safe harbor in a pleasant land.

passed to Mr. M'Keown for presiding.

In replying, Mr. M'Keown again emphasized the importance of industrial training to the deaf and dumb, who he believed, with such equipment, could hold positions in the industrial life of their city with credit.

# With The Silent Workers

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



HE "ONE-A-MINUTE rate" I suppose still holds good, and here is a sample of cards distributed by thousands on the streets, that helps to prove it:

CONSULTING DOCTOR  
B. TEPPER  
WATERPROOF EYES  
SPEECH TO MUTES RESTORED  
DEAF MADE TO HEAR  
BLIND MADE TO SEE  
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY  
518 Water St. New York

Another column conductor is "in our midst." Tom L. Anderson is sawing out good paragraphs for the *Hawkeye*.

Some one complains of the harm the cub reporter does when he is sent out on an assignment to cover a convention or meeting of the Deaf. I have had my turn at handing out information for the "cub," and in time learned to hand him friendly warning that the hall wasn't "deadly still," that shuffling foot-steps; noises of children and other sounds barred the "deadly stillness" thing, and I had my trouble for my pains, as his paper next day would start with:

"At the Mutes' Convention (always until recently mutes was accented, and mere deafness just an incident) the stillness and silence was so profound that a gum drop would have sounded like a cannon shot."

One way to avoid the smart stuff the cub reporter doles out is to assign one deaf man to each publication in the city, and in that way insure an authoritative story.

One of the more prominent of the monthly magazines features a story written by a totally deaf man to tell the story of his father's goodness and wisdom in sending the boy to an oral school for the stated reason that the father was prejudiced against the sign language and stated that it would be heart-breaking to see his son make signs and grimaces. Father and son come from a town that has a State School for the Deaf and the father evidently acquired a false prejudice through having seen exaggerated instances of ungainly signs and unnecessary grimaces.

I wanted to know more of the case and wrote three different people as to their knowledge of the facts, and each wrote that the young deaf man led a practically segregated existence so far as meeting other deaf people was concerned, what they knew of him through others made each lay emphasis on their expression of credulity as to the ability of the young man to express himself in the language of the article. Some one suggests that it is simply oral propaganda, and if so it is very clever work, and the National Association of the Deaf ought to delegate authority to some one to get busy with cross fire argument in the same type of publication. The hard part is to interest the great public in the triumphs that combined methods win. There's nothing of the "stunt" or the incredible, or the miraculous in that, however, and the public wants the impossible accomplished, is greatly interested in how it's done, and humbug carries more conviction than truth would.

The competition of the Day School is forcing the boarding School for the Deaf out of narrow lines that years of doing things the old way has brought about. I just learned some odd facts about our local day schools. The oddest is in that teachers get double the salary that the boarding school teacher gets. I am not complaining, except and only in that I can't understand

why a teacher in an Institute should only get an average of around \$1500 where the oral day school teachers get more than \$3000.

But this is not what I started to write about. The New York School (Fanwood) and the New Jersey School (Trenton) now allow pupils to go home Friday at the end of the scholastic week and they return in time for the Monday morning resumption of the week's work. In other days this was not permitted, and the fact that it is now I think is due to the broader view heads of schools now take, and, in part, to day school competition. The pupil and the parent are the two persons most concerned, and they are being considered more and more.

When writing my views on this very subject many years ago some of the l. p. f. editors jumped on me for taking the stand that too much institution life was a distinct disadvantage for the pupil. The day school has shown that deaf children can enjoy school and home life synchronously, and the boarding school is coming around to it. This is no argument for Day Schools as against Boarding Schools, for I think the latter gives a more thorough preparation for life's career than the former, though even this is debatable. The Lexington Ave. (N. Y.) school graduates of a day when no bread winning vocations were taught there average up as good, if not better than those of today. The careers of their notable graduates, men like Goldberg, LeClercq, Souweine, Froelich, McMann, Pfeiffer, and many others, tell a wonderful story of deaf men acquiring a profession or trade outside of their school.

But, as in the matter of the comparison of teachers' salaries, this, too, is foreign to what I intended to write about, which was the descriptive title "Institution" when coupled in with the name of a School for the Deaf.

We all get used to it quite as a matter of fact, so let us see how others view it.

Just a year ago on a gray October day, I was on my way to a New England city to speak a little piece at a "Frat" conclave, and, as usual, had left the things to be said to be whipped into sayable shape, at the very last moment. Everything that can be said in public has been said by one far more able, so all that is left to us is to whip it into some shape that some one else hasn't beaten us to it in.

Three hours ride ahead of me gave me ample time to do my "jotting down," when the man who was the only other occupant of the Pullman Smoking room made some remark to me that compelled me to explain, and almost apologize for my physical shortcoming, as many of us deaf people are so often almost forced into doing, at which he asked for my pencil and the writing pad, and then I knew for sure he was going to tell me of the friend of his Aunt in Hagerstown, Md., who was cured of deafness by a secret oil, which he would find out about and let me know so I could cure my deafness, or if it wasn't that, about a wonderful Doctor at Massapequa, L. I., who cures deaf people by just touching their ears, or one of those old reliables we deaf people are up against so often, but I guessed all wrong.

He told me of his sister's eight-year-old daughter who had become deaf through a combination of causes, of which infantile paralysis was one. After she recovered her strength and aurist after aurist had pronounced her case hopeless, one suggested a School for the Deaf maintained by an organization of their own church, and they went up the following Sunday, taking with them a pronounced prejudice against the word "Institution" which forms a part of the school's title. Prejudice number two came when they found the school anything but easy of access. Then they saw nothing of the girl's department at all, but did see some boyish rough-and-tumble stunts that didn't impress them. They went in, had a long wait in a dismal room, and, unfortunately, saw no one in authority, and they

went home again with all thoughts of giving up their only child to an "Institution" abandoned. Next day a neighbor told them of another school only twenty minutes ride from their part of the city, but while everything else pleased them, they found stress laid on the fact that the school was for children of a totally different faith from their own, so they went back home still wondering at the ways of "Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb." A month later a nobby youth in nobby cadet uniform, visited where the mother and her deaf child happened to be calling and he told them a great deal of the school he attended, with the result that the following Sunday the parents visited the site of the school, only to be confronted with a big golden sign announcing that it was the ——— Institution, etc., and besides announcing that no visiting was permitted on Sunday, there was the legend that "no dogs were allowed." (The sign is gone now.) Again the parents wended their way home fully determined that rather than place their only child in any of the several Institutions they had seen, they would educate her at home themselves.

The stranger by this time had filled up nearly all my paper, but I was interested and asked what the outcome was, when he told me that soon after some one told them that one of the Public Schools was devoted entirely to educating the Deaf, and there they sent her, at first under escort of the mother, but soon she went by herself, and heart's desire, a school, that allowed of the joy of moulding their child's career; and enjoying her company; having her share their pleasures and all that, involved so much more happiness and satisfaction that they were glad they had not placed her in any of the "Institutions."

My paper was used up by this time, and he asked me where I went to school, and I told him I attended the finest, greatest, and best school for the Deaf in the world. He inquired which one that was, and I told him the one his sister visited where she saw the sign: "No dogs allowed." By this time my destination was reached, and that evening when I spoke to a bright gathering of deaf people in Springfield, Mass., I did say what I had planned to say and not a little about "Institutions" as the other fellow sees them. The other fellow being the man who don't know anything about them and somewhere in his think-tank recalls something that some ignorant paragrapher has written about a "Deaf and Dumb Asylum."

Well, why is an institution? It's because years and years ago philanthropists banded together to further the welfare of different types of handicapped and afflicted people and Institution just naturally became a part of the corporate title. It would take yards and yards of red tape, and folios and folios of legal documents, and fees for lawyers and petitions to legislatures, to weed out the obnoxious word now, and this probably will cause them to go on for years and years as Institutions, to their own prejudice and detriment.

The worst of it, that those in authority become so accustomed to the word that it is used where "School" would listen better and carry more weight.

The newer schools, and the strictly state schools, are far more happily named, for most of them simply carry "School for the Deaf" as their distinguishing name, preceded by the name of the State, all of which is so much more dignified and more convincing, and carries no taint of either the charitable, the correctional or the eleemosynary.

In one respect all parents are alike. The big proud moment of their lives comes when they place a child in school. By the same token their pride gets a jolt when they realize that circumstances of which both themselves and their child are victims cause them to be entered where the sign announces:

SOUTHWESTERN NEW IDAHO INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION  
OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

◆  
We live and learn.

A New York paper that is not always reliable had a glaring head line:

"BLINDNESS IS NOT GREATEST  
SUFFERING; DEAF MUTES BEAR  
A HEAVIER CROSS, RABBI SAYS."

Then followed an interview with a New York clergyman who has been working among the deaf a few years, and, according to the paper, has become an "authority" on deaf-mutes, and among his statements are that in the dark a deaf man is dead to his surroundings.

It is odd that in more than forty years of total deafness I never experienced this.

We also learn from this authority that up to fifty years ago deaf-mutes in Europe were not allowed to marry.

The Reverend gentleman "tells the world" that deafness is the worst affliction man endures, and once more I want to remark that in forty years of very real deafness I find this the very antithesis of fact and truth.

We are also told by this "authority" that deaf-mutes are allowed to marry, providing one of the contracting parties became deaf after birth, and that the "Society for the Welfare of the Deaf" (Sic) sees after this matter.

I waited a long time in the hope of seeing a correction or a disclaimer following publication of these statements, but none came.

After reading the story one cannot help getting off that "God save us from our friends" thing.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.  
MRS. HARRY PIERCE KANE who has long been one of  
the most popular of New York's deaf women.

HOSS SENSE

A farmer was asked to buy a bicycle. "A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the salesman. "They're cheap now, and I can let you have one for \$35."

"I guess I'd rather put the \$35 into a cow," said the farmer, reflectively.

"Ha-ha," laughed the hardware man, "you'd look mighty foolish, riding around your farm on a cow, now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I dunno," said the farmer, "no more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."—The Christian Register.

"SEPTEMBER MORN"?

Old John, custodian of the bath-houses, was in the habit of entering Miss Augusta's compartment before she had completely re clothed herself. One morning she said to him: "John, you ought to knock before you come in. Some day you might come in while I was undressed."

To which honest old John replied: "Lor' bless you, Miss!—no danger of that—I allus peeks through the knothole afore I comes in."—Unknown.



## The Cincinnati Methodist Church For The Deaf

Rev. Utten E. Reed, of Columbus, Ohio, has resigned the pastorate of the Cincinnati Methodist Church for the Deaf, as he found it difficult to carry on the work and at the same time fulfill his duties as teacher in the Ohio State School. His resignation is a great loss to the Church for he is an ordained minister, earnest, and capable, and it will be very difficult to secure a successor qualified for the position. The stewards of the church have decided to go back to the plan that prevailed before Rev. Mr. Reed was chosen pastor: teachers from the Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana schools will be brought to Cincinnati each week to lecture, until the church finds a pastor. Most of the deaf in and around Cincinnati were educated in one of the schools of the three states named. The Methodist Union of Cincinnati is taking an interest in the church and lends a helping hand now and then. The deaf have the use of the historic Wesley church on Walnut street, east of Fountain Square, very convenient for the deaf who live in the nearby Kentucky cities. The membership of the church is made up largely of former pupils of the Kentucky school. The affairs of the church are conducted by an executive Board, the officers of which are Mr. Watters, Chairman, Mr. B. C. Wortman, Treasurer and Mr. Wylie Ross, Secretary.

The writer of this was at the service Sunday, October 16th, and was pleased to learn of the growth in membership and usefulness of the church, and that the deaf educated at the Kentucky school are among the most regular attendants. It was also a pleasure to meet so many of his former pupils and to discover that in spite of the business depression practically all of them have employment at least part time, and are managing to keep their heads above water.—*Alabama Messenger.*

## The Survey

At the last regular meeting of the Conference of Superintendents and Principals held at this school preliminary steps were taken to interest one of the Foundations to make a general survey of all the schools for the deaf in the United States and Canada for the purpose of establishing standards and making proper classifications of schools according to the standards set up. At the joint meeting held in Philadelphia in the summer of 1920 the Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, and the Progressive Oral Advocates of the Deaf united with this enterprise.

A special committee was appointed to bring the matter to the attention of any or all of the Foundations doing that kind of work. The necessity of this survey has been urged before the Carnegie Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Russell Sage Foundation, and the Commonwealth. No one has been able to undertake at present the survey and so the matter for the present is suspended. The committee hopes later when war times have passed away to get a favorable response from one of these Foundations. It will not be forgotten or neglected but present conditions require us to bide our time.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

### CANDOR

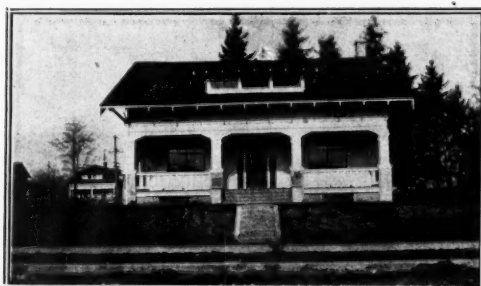
The restaurant manager stood behind the cashiers' desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer. An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling with his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies." "Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly; "we do." "Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?" "Certainly, sir; certainly. We should be most happy to have you." "Well, then, let some one else make 'em."



## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Irene Engh, 2½ years old, and Helen, age 4 months old, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Erick Engh, of Minneapolis, Minn. The father of these two charming children has been with Aaron Johnson, jeweler, six years. The mother was Grace I. Wentz.



The fine \$4500 bungalow of Bird Lee Craven, '11 Gallaudet College, and Dora Campbell Craven, '14 Gallaudet College, at Portland, Oregon. It has built-in features that makes it a delight of comfort and convenience.



Alabamians at the Atlanta Convention July, 1921.

### THE WORM ETERNAL.

A country girl was home from college for the holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd.

"Isn't this perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!"

Her hard-working father looked a moment, then he turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"

## Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schindorff

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schindorff, mute and deaf residents of Fostoria, Ohio, have a most interesting and accomplished family of two sons and a daughter, all three of them physically normal and 100 per cent American citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Schindorff were both in Seneca county, Ohio, and were educated at the school for the deaf in Columbus, Ohio. Since their marriage they have lived in Fostoria where Mr. Schindorff is employed with the Salem Wire Manufacturing Company.

Their oldest son, Clarence D. Schindorff, has had an illustrious war experience. As a soldier he has an enviable rec-



CLARENCE D. SCHINDORFF

ord. In the World War he served with the Rainbow division, 166th regiment, and took part in fifteen battles. He was in Uncle Sam's army for three years and was on the fighting front for eighteen months.

Young Schindorff had the distinction of capturing a Fritz all by himself, not to mention other thrilling exploits. He was as lucky as he was brave, for he came out of it all sound as a dollar. He was slightly gassed, but there were no bad effects. This young American was in the thick of it in the Argonne forest in those telling days at the close of the war.

While overseas, Clarence had occasion to visit Loraine, the native land of his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Schoendroff.

Clarence wore the khaki before he went "Overthere" to help lick Germany. He saw six months of service on the Mexican border when "Jack" Pershing was playing hide-and-go-seek with Villa. Young Schindorff's army experiences gave him wonderful opportunity to see the world. While overseas he saw Belgium, Italy and Germany, as well as France, and felt the thrill of that incomparable scenery on the Rhine from Coblenz to Cologne.

Those are his military doings, but he has accomplishments of peace that are very fine also. He has, for instance, a good wife and a dandy child, and they live happily now in Fostoria.

Clarence has a brother, Claude Lester Schindorff, nine years old, a smart, healthy young fellow with promising qualities. They have a fine young sister, Catherine, four years old.

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers all of whom are deaf.

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No. 3

It has been some time since the death of Mr. William N. Burt, but as time goes on his friends, associates and co-workers miss him more and more. He was a strong man, a thorough educator and a good friend. Although for a long time feeble physically, he retained and maintained his administrative strength until the last.

The *Volta Review* has many excellent expressions set forth on its front cover. We wish to quote the following for the benefit of the readers of the SILENT WORKER:

"Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all.

It was quite simple and always will be."

## Do It For The Deaf

He takes the wrong standpoint who asks:

"WHAT ARE THE DEAF GOING TO DO FOR ME? WHAT IS THE SILENT WORKER GOING TO DO FOR ME? WHAT IS IN IT FOR ME? I CAN LIVE WITHOUT EITHER." This is the old, narrow, selfish spirit.

The only attitude which will make the deaf a strong united body is:

"WHY SHOULDN'T I PUT MY SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL AND HELP? WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE SILENT WORKER? WHAT CAN I DO FOR MY DEAF FELLOW CITIZENS?"

Such a correct view-point earns big dividends of personal happiness. It represents the modern constructive, co-operative spirit. If you are not a subscriber apply now. If you are a subscriber secure another. Do it for the deaf.

## Cheerfulness

Mr. Bert Underwood in an article on "Photographs You Like to See," in the November *American*, states that we are on the lookout for pictures portraying cheerfulness, personality, action and novelty, with accent on the cheerfulness. The smiles of Theodore Roosevelt and Douglas Fairbanks are examples. We all love pictures of people animated by expressions of human sympathy, friendliness, and happiness. Caruso said his great success was primarily due to the fact that his early instructors taught him to put joy into his songs. A maxim of the war was that a soldier who could not laugh could not fight.

All life is not a laugh. Strains of music and beautiful pictures portraying expressions of sweet sympathetic sadness are loved by all, such as the famous picture of "Breaking Home Ties," or in music "Home, Sweet Home." But, the heart of the world has no affection for the chronic kicker, the knocker, or the grouch. Nothing is more true than Ella Wheeler Wilcox's lines, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You, Weep and You Weep Alone." The chronic kickers, the crabs and the grouchers receive what they give. Those who radiate joy and happiness will be rewarded by the same. The grouch and kicker are burdens which must be endured and supported by society. They contribute nothing to progress, prosperity, or happiness. "What ye sow, that also shall ye reap." Let us be done with the knocker and his vile stings. Let us join Mr. Smaltz in the Silent Worker Club and add to the world's supply of joy, happiness, and prosperity.

## Auto Laws

The SILENT WORKER expects to begin a campaign to secure fair laws for deaf automobile drivers. Articles on the subject appear in this number. Watch our announcement next month.

## Directory

The January or February issue of the SILENT WORKER will contain a directory of all social, religious, fraternal and athletic societies of the deaf giving the place and time of meetings, and the names and addresses of the secretaries. Please forward all information you may have on this subject to the SILENT WORKER, so that no organization will be omitted. In the past the directory has been found very helpful to the deaf traveling public.

## "Deaf Door Bells"

Not being able to hear the door bell ring when someone calls, deaf couples have invented contraptions of their own to take the place of the ear. The Business Manager of this magazine has one that for simplicity can not be beat. It consists of a toy hoe-handle, a gimlet, part of a door latch, piece of iron pipe and two nails, yet it works perfectly. It is not patented, so any of our readers are at liberty to try it in their own homes, or better still buy one of Mr. Shaw's patented Electric Doorbell Signals.



advertised in this issue, which will undoubtedly give better satisfaction than the home-made article.

## Commendable

Among the resolutions adopted at the Detroit Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, Aug. 1920, was the following:

*Resolved*, That we favor the enactment of uniform State legislation requiring all doctors and practitioners to report to the State Board of Education each and every case of partial deafness among children, 16 years and under, met with in the course of their professional practice.

President Cloud accordingly appointed a General Committee, consisting of Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, Chairman, of New York; Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., and Dr. J. S. Long, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, to carry out the purposes of the resolution. State chairmen are being appointed with a view to securing favorable action by the legislatures.

It is a fact that in each state there are many deaf-mutes growing up without an education. The Association thinks that it is a shameful crime to permit normal children to grow up in ignorance and is endeavoring to have such negligence corrected through legislative action.

The National Association is to be commended for such a move and future generations of the deaf may rise to call the Association blessed.

## Willetta Huggins

The SILENT WORKER has investigated the stories circulated in the newspapers concerning the wonderful deaf-blind girl of Wisconsin and we have been assured by one in position to know that the accounts are not exaggerated. We have in preparation an illustrated article about the new deaf-blind wonder which will appear in the January number of this magazine.

## "Remember Denver 1927"



THE above slogan was heralded at the Atlanta N. F. S. D. Convention by Delegate Homer E. Grace, on behalf of Denver Division No. 64, by giving away Jumbo pencils  $7\frac{3}{4}$  inches long and nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in diameter with rubber tips, bearing the following advertisement thereon:

"Remember Denver 1927—With Compliments of Denver Division No. 64"

This is an invitation to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf to meet in Denver in 1927.

It is impossible for us to go from division to division, preaching the gospel of merits of Denver for the 1927 Convention. That is why we publish here—to tell the story of our invitation and the service we are prepared to render in the interest of the N. F. S. D. in 1927.

Consider this a public invitation to come to Denver in 1927. If you have not got one of those Jumbo pencils, get in touch with us, address "Remember Denver 1927," 1096 S. Washington St., Denver, Colo., and one will be mailed you immediately without charge. In introducing Denver Division to the readers, let us first enlighten you that in all deaf fradom Denver is the highest division—its altitude is one mile above the sea level and that it is the division of novelties and "art preservative."

Denver is the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region and

has a population of approximately 257,000. It is considered one of the most substantially-built cities in America. It has the reputation of being the best lighted and best cared for city in the world. Denver enjoys the service of eighteen railroads which makes it accessible from any section of the country. Its position gives it prestige as a distributing point, and it is considered the commercial, as well as the educational center of the Mountain States.

Located as it is, at the base of the great Rockies, it is protected from the cold blasts of the winter and the heat waves of summer.

Many of these towering peaks reach an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet. Denver itself is one mile above sea level, which means refreshing nights throughout the summer and the cool mountain breezes are quite noticeable and extremely invigorating. Half an hour's ride by train, trolley or auto, brings you to the beautiful mountain parks frequented by thousands of citizens and tourists for the purpose of enjoying a day at picnicking and climbing.

Its congenial climate; its proximity to the mountains with their countless scenic beauties and wonders; its location and the readiness with which suitable enjoyment may be found for one and all unites to make Denver an ideal place to hold a N. F. S. D. Convention—so remember Denver 1927.

PUBLICITY AND PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE

Denver Division No. 64.

## Gift to The Rev. O. J. Whildin

The gift of a handsome mahogany desk was recently made to the Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., by the members of the Society, for the Promotion of Church Work among the Deaf as a token of their appreciation of his long and faithful work as secretary-treasurer of the Society. Rev. Mr. Whildin has resigned the office of Treasurer of the Society in favor of Mr. Arthur Boehm, a hearing man who also holds the position of Treasurer to the Commission on Church Work, among the Deaf in the Province of Washington. Mr. Whildin still retains, however, the office of Secretary of the Society.

### COMRADESHIP

Old lady (to newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsboy—"No, mum; but I kin give you a cigarette."

—Meats from Cotton Seed.



MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. QUINN  
(Grand Valley, Colorado)

Mrs. Quinn was formerly Miss Ada Studd, a graduate of Gallaudet College. The marriage took place in Trenton, N. J., on the 9th of last July. The happy couple will run a 1000 acre ranch in the Spring.

# ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

## JOE ALLEN. By "Gosh"



INN.-Right-F-L snaps the quarterback. The line and backs spring to the right. Over on the left end a rather small, smiling, youngish, youngster crouches in the shadow of a big, burly tackle. The backs feign to run to the right. They are attracting the attention of the opponents. The little, smiling youngster disconnects himself from the shadow and speeds down to the left. The backs stop and out from among them sails the ball. Forty yards down the field it lands in the waiting arms of the youngster. A few seconds later the ball is behind the goal posts—a touchdown.

Rah! Rah!! Allen!!! roars the crowd.

Who's Allen you ask of one present. In return you get a dazed stare. Incredible that you should not have heard of him! Your curiosity aroused you inquire further. You are surprised. Everybody knows his life history.

Leafing back over the pages of the last several seasons we learn why he is recognized as one of the greatest all around athletes of the deaf. He has featured in almost every game in all sports which has brought fame to the Goodyear Silent Athletic Club, and from his former schoolmates we find that he has been a star ever since he was able to crawl.

Smiling Joe Allen was born in Colorado within the shadow of Pikes Peak, and it was here that he broke into his first victory medals. He was prominent in races from high chair to school days. He and his brother Charlie broke indoor records and other things in the Allen household when in the creeping age. The twain toed the mark when even baby shoes were absent. Joe could cover the kitchen floor in split seconds. Charlie was always at his side. Their mother was the first trainer. The winner received as a reward for athletic accomplish-

ments, in the infant competition, corn-bread spread on both sides. The vanquished one received a slice of bread with jam on but one side.

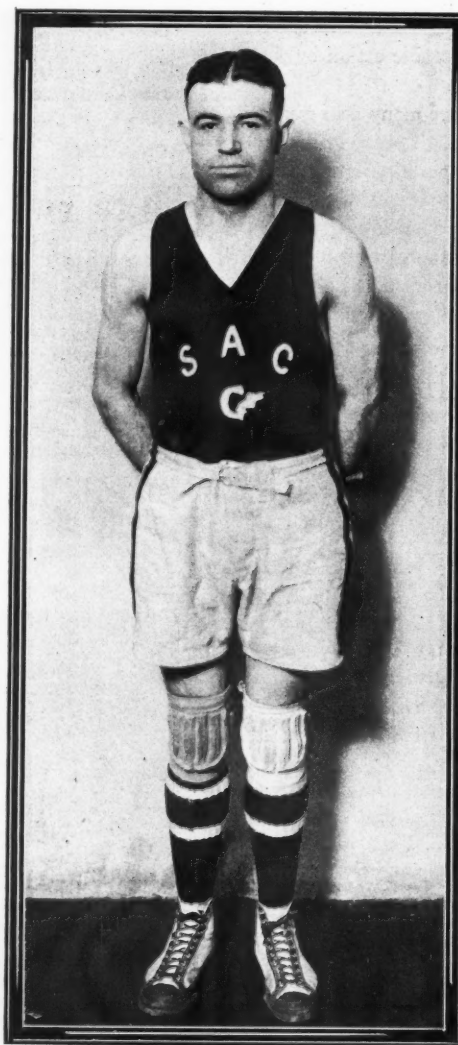
Joe and Charlie were natural athletes. The talent was handed down from their parents. The father could trim any other mountaineer jumping over deep crevices on the sides of Pikes Peak. The mother could basket all the hand-worked centerpieces significant of victories in the sewing-circle competitions. Among them, the Allen family grabbed off the sugar bowls, the extra pound of flour, and the layer cakes. From high-chair to school the twain triumphed.

They entered the Colorado School for the Deaf together and in spite of their knee breeches they at once attracted the notice of the larger boys with their leap-frogging over one another.

Joe caught his first ball during a game of the larger boys. He was on his knees in a corner of the outfield absorbed in a game of marbles when the ball came sailing towards his head. He glanced up in time to catch it with his bare hands. He was cussed and bawled but was placed in the outfield of the first team at next game. Later on he was switched to short-stop which has been his favorite position ever since.

Joe missed many a supper practicing to basket the ball. But always there was his brother Charlie with bulging pockets of food. Charlie's faith in Joe never faltered, and today we believe there is nowhere a prouder brother.

Joe was the highest point getter of the school in track events for three consecutive years. And he was the first and, we believe, the only boy to capture all nine Senior trophies offered by the school. Three in basketball, three in baseball, and three in football. Charlie and Joe came to Akron together in 1916. They were two of the earliest deaf men and by



JOE ALLEN

their good work paved the way for the others. Charlie soon married and returned to Colorado. Today we find Joe upholding the Allen family athletic reputation single-

handed, and he is doing wonderfully well from the way he is at present starring in football.

The best luck to you, Joe!



NORTH DAKOTA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF TRACK TEAM—1921  
 Henry S. Morris, Coach      William Bottcher      Rudolph Ekstrom      Paul Jaeger      W. C. McClure, Supt.  
 Claude Mitchell      Rolf Harmisen      George Wetzstien      Mike Mueller

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

We were playing a losing game. Our opponents were much heavier and more experienced. We were on the defensive. The ball was five yards from our goal. I was playing with my boys and was standing on the far side of the field behind our goal posts. One of our little players, who had given his school everything in his small body and loyal heart was being borne off the field.

This gave me my chance. I looked across the soggy surface of the field; looked on past the weary players to a group of some three or four score boys and girls, ranging from the littlest tot to the oldest pupil. The school had turned out en masse to see us win. They were huddled together against a wicked skyline of leafless trees and low-lying clouds. It was drizzling and damp and cold. But in spite of all this the little band was bravely waving and cheering. I could not hear their cheers. How I wished I could! The cheers may have been very discordant, but what was that to me? I knew they were giving their all to cheer us players regardless of their own discomfort.

My heart warmed and throbbed. The blood rushed to my head. Something akin to tears gathered in my eyes. I hastily brushed them away. I needed a clear vision for rushing right upon me was a big opponent with the ball in his arm. I plunged forward and tackled with all my might. It was the fourth down and the ball was ours—How near those boys' and girls' loyalty came to cost them another six points! They never knew. They were yelling and waving wilder than ever—and how I wanted to rush over and embrace every one of them!

### IMPRESSIONS OF AN "OUTSIDER"

It was my privilege to witness the football game between the New Jersey Institute for the Deaf and the State Normal School on November 4th, and a very interesting sight it was. Not knowing "everything" about the game, I cannot dwell on that, but I feel quite sure the "deaf" boys would have made a better showing had the referee not been so set against them, but for this have we referees sometimes.

One of the most interesting features of that afternoon, to me, was to watch the faces of the little lads, who had, in charge of their teachers, braved the cold to watch the game. They did not miss one point, and one could not help but notice with keen interest, the manoeuvres of the little chap (I afterwards learned that his name was Michael) who was the cheer leader. He had his young scouts lined up, and not satisfied with that, one could easily see from the furious and lightning-like movements of his fingers, that those who were not "on their toes" were being severely criticised, proving that, in addition to orderliness, Michael is being taught discipline, which is absolutely necessary to a good soldier. When their heroes made one good move, at a signal from Michael, they yelled like young savages, putting new life in the boys on the field.

A thought came to me that in having everything most desirable in life how utterly selfish we grow. These little lads showed to me that there is something more than merely living. There should be a desire in all of us to cheer along our comrades, especially when they are playing a losing game, but hearing all and seeing all for ourselves, we forget those who are less fortunate, but nevertheless cheerful and happy. Dear little Michael you inspired a



noble thought that day. God bless you and keep you always a "Cheer Leader."

O O O

### STAR RUNNER OF THE NORTH DAKOTA SCHOOL

The subject of this sketch—Rolf K. Harmsen, at present a senior at the North Dakota School for the Deaf—was the star athlete of the Lake Region Inter-High School Track and Field Meet held on the county fair grounds at Devils Lake, N. D., May 14th, 1921, carrying off first prizes in four events, second prize in one event (javelin throw), and the silver cup offered to the individual making



Courtesy North Dakota Banner  
ROLF K. HARMSEN  
LAKE REGION TRACK AND FIELD MEET—May 14, 1921  
First Place—100 yd dash. First Place—220-yd dash. First  
Place—120-yd high hurdles. First Place—220 yd low hurdles.  
Second Place—Javelin Throw.  
INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS  
At University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, North Dakota.  
First Place—100 yd dash. Second Place—220-yd dash. Led  
the field in the 220-yd low hurdles before he fell.

the largest number of points. He was also on the relay team, running the last lap, that captured the silver relay race cup.

Rolf—as he is known—was sent a week later to the State meet held at Grand Forks under the auspices of the University of North Dakota, and he won two prizes. His coach, Henry S. Morris, as well as other spectators, declared that Rolf probably would have done better had he not hurt himself in a bad fall in one of the trial events.

Rolf was born in Chandler, Minnesota, on the 13th of April, 1904. He lost his hearing at the age of about five years, and was enrolled at the North Dakota School as a pupil in 1911. He is at present preparing to enter Gallaudet College in the fall of 1922 if he can finish the re-

quired course in time to take the entrance examinations in May.

Rolf's father, who is cashier of the First State Bank of Hazen, North Dakota, is a graduate of the University of Nebraska; and his mother, of the University of Wisconsin. Rolf's father is an expert tennis player, holding the championship title of the Missouri Slope, and he expects to enter the state tournament next year.

The following records were made by Rolf:

100 yard dash.....	10 3-5 s.
220 " " .....	23 3-5 s.
120 yd. high hurdle.....	17 1-5 s.
220 yd. low hurdle.....	27 1-5 s.
Javelin throw.....	147 ft.

The North Dakota School can point with justifiable pride to several other athletes who have made brilliant records, among them being Joe St. Lawrence, of the class of 1917. Joe was for three years the individual cup winner of the Lake Region meet.—L. A. Long.

O O O

### THE HEROES

Who are the real football heroes of the school? They are the substitutes of light poundage, but stout hearts, who sit on the side-lines all through the fray. Their souls are in the game. They will not speak to anybody. Their eyes only rove to the coach from time to time. And when a man is called from the contest their eyes gleam with hope only to fade under a cloud of despair when another man is chosen to fill the vacancy.

It is not their day. They are too light and too young to do battle for their school this year. After the game in the dressing room they sit with bowed heads and bursting hearts. Their hurt is very deep. Tragedy has come into their young lives. They will have to play and have their bodies hurt before the wounds in their spirits will heal.

O O O

### GALLAUDET

The writer had the opportunity to see Coach Hughes' charges in action for only a few minutes down in Annapolis. But those few minutes were sufficient to give him a very poor impression of the condition of the team.

Upon his arrival at the field the first thing that he saw was a Gallaudet man being borne off the field—and the procession continued with monotony every minute or so for the remainder of the period.

A visit to the dressing room after the game was even more shocking. The mixture of iodine and Sloan's liniment fumes nearly toppled him over. There was a man with a broken nose, another with a split eye-brow and cheek, there were sprained and swollen ankles, knees, elbows, etc. All was confusion. There was moaning and much gesticulating. The "Rats" were running here and there searching for a doctor. Never in his whole football career had the writer witnessed such a scene. It seemed to be more of a first-aid room in a wayside railroad station after a big wreck than a football dressing room.

"DIRTY!" cried the players in unison. But did their opponents really use dirty tactics? The writer is prone to disagree. Rather it was a case of the players being in either very poor condition or of being very much over-trained.

Anyway there is something radically wrong with the Gallaudet team this year. Graduate Manager Stewart claims it is all because of the late opening of the college. Others say it is due to the too long practice periods and also too frequent practice games with the scrubs or with outside teams.

Personally the writer believes the graduate manager

has come nearer the cause and would like to see something done to remedy this evil. For instance the undergraduates could petition the faculty to have the college open on an earlier date. We believe the faculty is always glad to co-operate with the students in anything that goes for the betterment of the college affairs, and therefore it is within reason that they will give such a proposition favorable consideration. But in case they do not, then the only thing to do is for Gallaudet not to start her schedule until about the middle of October. This will give the team sufficient time to round into condition.

A team in poor condition has never won a game. Gallaudet has not so far this year.

#### SCHEDULE AND RESULTS OF THE AKRON SILENTS

Sept. 25—Silents 24—Lorain 0  
Oct. 2—Silents 27—Goodyear Regulars 0  
Oct. 9—Silents 0—Masillon Blues 0  
Oct. 16—Silents 75—Ashtabula Legion 0  
Oct. 23—Silents 14—Sebring 13  
Oct. 30—Silents 14—Wagner Pirates 0  
Nov. 6—Silents 40—Lorain Metropoles 16  
Nov. 13—Barberton Pros. at Akron.  
Nov. 20—Open.  
Nov. 24—Claimants of Akron Championship

#### SILENT GRIDDERS WIN FROM SEBRING

The Silents nearly struck a snag in their triumphant procession across the semi-pro gridirons of the state Sunday at Sebring.

The Silent boys fought an up-hill battle all the way and only nosed out in the last five minutes to play by a single point. Roller's foot saved the day, when Hogue failed to kick goal after the second Tiger touchdown. Final score was 14 to 13.

McBride started the scoring in the first half with a forty-yard run for a touchdown when he intercepted a Silent forward pass. That was where Hogue lost the game. He failed to kick the goal.

The Silents had a hard time trying to dent the Tiger line, and were forced to put up a stonewall defense several times inside their own five-yard line. In the second quarter they got their open game working, and Coombs went over on a forward pass. Roller kicked goal.

In the second half the Tigers again took the lead. Hogue redeemed his failure to kick goal by making a brilliant play for a touchdown from the middle of the field. It was on a line buck, and the Silents were unable to stop his terrific plunge. He stepped completely over Allen as the little quarter tried to stop him, and was too speedy to be caught from behind. He kicked goal from his own touchdown.

The Silents fought desperately in the final quarter and Williams, last year's quarter, who was sent to replace Dille at end, scored the second Silent touchdown from a forward pass. Roller kicked goal.

The Editor regrets that he is unable to give particulars on the Wagner Pirates game played in Columbus on Oct. 30. All he knows that the Silents of Akron won 14 to 0. They won and that is sufficient after all.

#### SILENTS WORK FORWARD PASS ON METROPOLES

##### Lorain Scores on Fumbles After Allen is Injured

The Silents demonstrated that as a scoring machine they have a few equals in their part of the State, defeating the Lorain Metropoles, 40 to 16.

And on the defense they were impregnable, except in the third quarter, when the loss of Joe Allen, star quarterback, temporarily disorganized the team.

Allen was carried off the field with a torn ligament in his left knee, following a scrimmage immediately after the opening of the third quarter. Williams, who replaced Allen, has not worked in the quarter position since the first game of the season, was uncertain in his passing. Fumbles due to faulty passing accounted for both Lorain touch-downs. Their remaining points were scored on a safety. Deer touched the ball on a kickoff, and it rolled over the goal line. Seinensohn recovered it, but was thrown behind the line.

It was the old Allen-to-Coombs aerial attack which befuddled the Lorain defense. Coombs made three of his four touchdowns on forwards, Allen passing 35 to 40 yards. Coombs fourth touchdown came from a recovered fumble.

Seinensohn came back into the scoring, after several games of inaction, as the result of an injury in the Masillon Blues' game. He scored his points with a 10-yard off tackle bulk.

Up until the time of his injury, Allen played the best game of his career. He mixed forwards and linebucks, with a sprinkling of tricks which dazzled the Metropole defense. His forward passing was almost perfect. He combined accuracy with distances up to 40 yards. And he got in the scoring with a 40-yard drop kick.

Dille also got in the scoring with a 45-yard drop kick.—Clan

## Sportettes

Kansas defeated Missouri again. This time it was 26 to 0. Kansas always has had a good team. Kansas is the Editor's Alma Mater and he is particularly proud of it.

We wonder if the Farquhars, who are now in the Missouri School for the Deaf, have gotten over their "fuss" caused by the Kansas game. Mrs. is from Kansas, you know, and Mr. teaches in the Missouri school.

Last Monday a call for basketball material was made and about thirty boys responded. This is a larger number of boys than turned out at first call last year and this shows that a great deal more interest is being taken in basketball than even before.

This year's schedule is perhaps the hardest that has ever been made in the school's history. None of the teams on the schedule is a low caliber—all of them are high quality teams in their classes.—The Hoosier.

The Alabama School has probably the youngest football team to be found anywhere, a barefooted squad, the players of which average about fifty pounds. They are not allowed to engage in outside games, of course, at least not outside the school fence, but for all that they know the ins and outs of the game and can punt and tackle like veterans.—Ala. Messenger.

Last year we made mention of Oklahoma and North Dakota monopolizing the track championship honors of the schools for the deaf. We printed a picture of Coach Foltz's speed demons some time ago and now we take pleasure in giving that of the other school together with its star, Rolf Harmsen. For a school boy, Harmsen is indeed a wonder, and we sincerely hope to hear more of him in the future. We know we will for he is in the hands of Coach Morris, '11, famous track star of Gallaudet.

# Who's Who in the Deaf World

## WHO'S WHO COLUMN

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come in from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any errors discovered in the list printed in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

### A

**ANDREWJESKI, B. A.** (nee Gwin) **MRS. LILLY ALBERTA.** Born Dec. 30, 1890, at Cumberland, Miss. Housekeeper, at 1570 Preston Ave., E. Akron, Ohio (temporarily.) Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Webster Co. Public Schools up to 1900; Mississippi State School for the Deaf off and on from 1901-1912, totalling 7½ years; Gallaudet College, 1912-1917. Member National Owls of Gallaudet College; Gallaudet College Alumni Association. Lost hearing at nine years from mumps and Lagrippe. No deaf relatives. Married June 20, 1920, to Frank A. Andrewjeski (deaf). No children. Husband is clerk at Goodyear, only deaf man left in office during retrenchment period. Mrs. Andrewjeski has held the following positions; teacher of High Class, Kendall School, Washington, D. C., October to December, 1917. Resigned to take operation on hip; typist and private secretary in Headquarters of National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Chicago, July 1919, to March 1920; typist in Labor Dept., Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. March-June 1920; typist and general clerk in Relief Association, Goodyear, July to November, 1920. Resigned to keep house.

**ATHY, CHARLES F.** Born 1895, in Supply, Arkansas. Pressman, in the employ of the Democrat Printing and Lithographing Co., Little Rock, Ark. Lives at 116 Barton St., Little Rock, Ark. Cannot speak or lipread. Uses signs. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Arkansas Association of the deaf. Lost hearing at the age of three from spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married in 1921, to Miss Rosa Stoner (deaf). No children. President Little Rock Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf (1921-1922.) Shipping Clerk with Firestone Tire Co., of Akron, 1919-1920.

**ASKEW, MRS. LOUISE MAGHER.** Born August 10, 1873, at Buffalo, N. Y. Teacher at the Rochester School for the Deaf. Lives at Fairport, N. Y., R. F. D. 114. Excellent speaker and lipreader. Does not use signs. Attended the Rochester School for the Deaf eleven years. Member Alumni Association of the Rochester School for the Deaf. Lost hearing at the age of five from spinal meningitis (total). Has four deaf relatives. Married June 10, 1914, to Joseph D. Askew (deaf). No children. First husband was Dr. J. C. Lung, a hearing man. She has held the following positions; teacher of Primary and Intermediate grades, Rochester School for the Deaf, 18 years; teacher of Domestic Science at the Rochester School for the Deaf, ten years; supervisor of older boys at Malone (N. Y.) School for the Deaf, 2 years; teacher of Domestic Science and sewing to the deaf and blind girls at the Idaho School for the Deaf one year; substitute teacher at the Rochester School for the Deaf, 1917-1921.

### B

**BALIS, MA., SYLVIA CHAPIN.** Born March 8, 1864, at Mattoon, Ill. Teacher, Ontario (Canada) School for the Deaf, Belleville. Home address: 73 Highland Ave., Belleville. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Public Schools, 1871-1873, at Mattoon, Ill.; Illinois School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, 1876-1880. Member Imperial Order Daughters of Empire (Canadian); Independent Order of Foresters; Convenor of Public Playgrounds. Lost hearing at 7 years from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1886, to

James C. Balis (deaf). No children. Husband deaf from cerebro spinal meningitis at eighteen years; college graduate, teacher, writer, poet. Died, 1917. Mrs. Balis was Director of Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf; Chairman Committee on Publication of Stories; Graduated with first honors of her class of 1880. Taught in St. Louis, Mo. Taught large classes of hearing persons drawing, painting, and designing, in various towns in Erie Co., Ohio. Taught in Western Penn. (Edgewood Park). Student of Pittsburg, Penn. School of Design for years. Called to Belleville in 1890, where besides regular literary classes she taught Art. Compiled, illustrated and published a small reader "From Far and Near." Elected one of Executive Committee of American Association of Teachers of the Deaf—the first deaf woman to hold that office—first deaf person to address that body. Read papers at many conventions. Lectured in many cities. Orator of Illinois Alumni Association. Treasurers of the Association of Kings Daughters and Sons of St. Thomas Church, Belleville, Ontario. Member of Red Cross. Treasurer of one of the Circles. Director of Hospital in Belleville. Convenor of Playground Association of Belleville, Ontario, Canada, for three years. First woman initiated into the society of Independent Order of Foresters at Belleville, Ontario, being the only woman present among fifty men. Received honorary degree of Master of Arts from Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., in 1914—the degree being conferred by Dr. Gallaudet Day on his fiftieth anniversary. Orator on Gallaudet Day at Little Rock, Arkansas, December 10, 1921. Entitled to wear reporter's badge of Press Association. Got married. Travelled abroad with husband. Introduced to royalty. Travelled all over the U. S. and a large part of Canada. Widowed in 1917. Member of the Society of the Daughters of the Empire which is equivalent to the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Canadian Society conferred this honor upon her and so far as known she is the only American so honored by that body. Other reasons for consideration: Her career as a teacher and writer on topics relating to the deaf was alluded to at the conferring. She is one of the most remarkable lip-readers among the deaf of the whole country. She has the ability to give an address simultaneously in signs and by speech. She is one of the strongest advocates of the combined system to be found anywhere. One of the most distinguished educators of the deaf in the world.

**BARHAM, GREY G.** Born Sept. 17, 1879, at Oak Ridge, La. Brick-layer. Lives at Monroe La. (box 903). Fair speaker and lip-reader. Excellent sign-maker. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf, 1889-1897; Kendall School, 1898-1899; Gallaudet College, 1900-1902. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, National Association of the Deaf, Louisiana Association of the Deaf and W. O. W. Born deaf. No deaf relatives. Married in 1903 to Agnes McIntosh (hearing). Has four children, all hearing. President Louisiana Association, 1909-1912; Treasurer La. Association, 1912 to date.

**BARTLETT, EMMA MARTIN.** Born May 31, 1865 at Mannington, West Virginia. Landlady, Mannington, W. Va. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent sign-maker. Educated at West Virginia Schools for the Deaf and Blind, 1874-1880. Member National Association of the Deaf, West Virginia Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Single.

**BAUM, WALTER EDGAR.** Born Sept. 29, 1887, at Clinton, Mo. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Educated at the Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton. Lost hearing at the age of one from Eczema. Partially deaf. No deaf relatives. Married in 1911 to Margaret Massey (deaf). Wife was educated at Fulton. No children. Been Tinner for thirteen years.



**BEADELL, BERNICE BARRETT.** Born Aug. 5, 1888, at Dodge City, Kansas. Teacher, Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock. Lives at Winslow, Ark. Can speak, lipread and sign. Attended public schools in Colorado and Wyoming. Lost hearing at 16 from defective auditory nerve (total). No deaf relatives. Single.

**BELL, EARL.** Born in Jonesboro, Arkansas. Presser with Overcash Cleaners, Little Rock, Ark. Lipreads some and signs; cannot speak. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, 1906-1916. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at six from fever. No deaf relatives. Married, 1918, to Fannie Wade (deaf). Has one hearing child still living. Was Tire worker for Goodyear, 1919-1920.

**BATA, JAMES.** Born Jan. 4, 1884, in Casa, Ark. Runs shoe-repair shop at Dardanelle, Ark. Cannot speak or lip-read. Uses signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, 1897-1907. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf. No deaf relatives. Married, 1907, to Golda Reeves (deaf). Has five hearing children, all living. Is a very successful businessman. Owns shoe-repair shop and home.

**BIERHAUS, HENRY.** Born March 4, 1856, at Vincennes, Indiana. Retired teacher. Lives at 3244 Central Ave., Indianapolis. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent sign-maker. Educated at the Indiana State School for the Deaf, 1868-1876. Member Illinois Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at eleven from Scarlet Fever. Totally deaf. No deaf relatives. Married Lizzie Schroyer (deaf). One child (dead). Treasurer Indiana Home Association from organization to date.

**BINKLEY, B. A. ROBERT EARL.** Born at East German-town Indiana, Nov. 11, 1880. Owns a shoe repairing business at 420 West 25th Street, Indianapolis. Lives at 21 South Irvington Ave. Cannot speak or lipread. Excellent sign-maker. Educated at the Indiana State School for the Deaf, from 1890 to graduation. Attended Gallaudet College and graduated in 1907. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, National Association of the Deaf, Indiana Association of the Deaf, Gallaudet College Athletic Association and the Sycamores. Delegate to Grand Division, N. F. S. D. 1915, Chairman Impostor Bureau for Indiana N. A. D., Secretary and President Division No. 22, Secretary Illinois Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Has one deaf brother. Married April 16, 1914, to Nora Harris (hearing). No children. Wife has a deaf brother.

**BIRDSELL, DELOS CAMERON.** Born Dec. 12, 1871, at Rochester, N. Y. Machinist, auto repairer and garage man, with E. J. Ellis & Co., 15 Scio St., Rochester, N. Y. Lives at 79 Shelter St. Fair speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf, 1876-1894. Member Rochester Yacht Club. Lost hearing at two years from Scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married May 26, 1909, to Lillian Bliven (hearing). No children. Wife once a teacher at the Rochester School. Has held the following positions: Supervisor of Boys at the Rochester School, 1892-1906; Managing owner of the boat building firm Birdsell & Lathrop, 1908-1910; Mechanical Draftsman for Brownell Motor Co., of Rochester, 1910-1913. Has designed and built canoes, rowboats, sailing yachts and power boats. Has built one 3 horse power, one cylinder, one eight and one ten horse power two cylinder marine engines. Was a magazine illustrator, 1900-1904. Sign and gold letter writing at odd times. Chauffeur (1913-1914) for Superintendent of the Rochester School. At present owner of a 32-foot well equipped power cruiser. Annual summer cruise on Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River. Formerly owner of a large sailing yacht.

**BLANCHARD, B.A., ORA HARRISON.** Born August 10, 1888, in Cass County, Iowa. Draftsman for Union Pacific Railway, Omaha, Neb. Cannot speak or lipread; uses signs. Attended Iowa School, 1896-1897; Arkansas School, 1897-1907; Gallaudet College, 1909-1912. Member National Association of the Deaf and Gallaudet College Alumni Association. Born deaf. No deaf relatives. Has been a successful draftsman for quite a number of years; was a draftsman soon after graduating from college in 1912.

**BOTT, MRS. RENIA.** (Miss Whetsel) Born Dec. 27, 1894, at Baker, West Virginia. Housekeeper at Baker, W. Va. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended West Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, 1902-1907. Has 4 deaf relatives. Married April, 1919, to George Bott (hearing). No children.

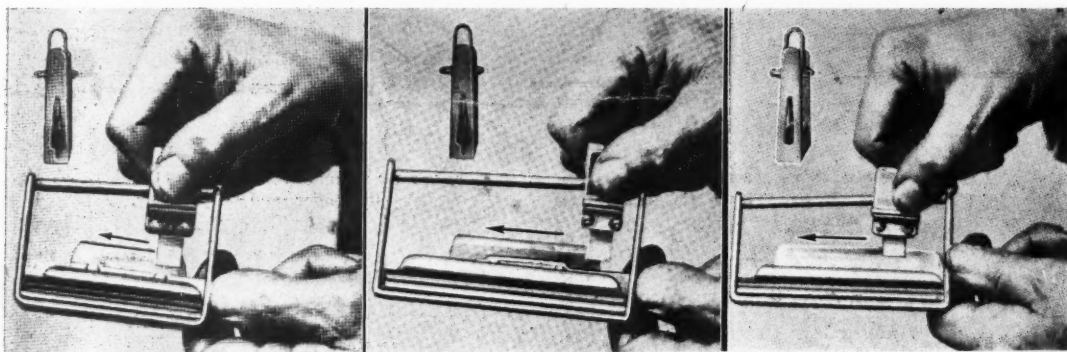
**BROADHURST, ALFRED WARREN.** Born October, 1888, at Pontoon, Ark. Proprietor of shoe-repair shop, at Peoria, Ill. Cannot speak or lipread; uses signs. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at six from catarrhal fever (total). Single. Has held various positions as shoe-maker, finally setting up own business.

**BREMER, JR., JOHN CONRAD.** Born July 31, 1881, at Wheeling, W. Va. Cigar-maker in the employ of J. C. Bremer, Sr. Lives at 222 Sixteenth Street. Cannot speak or read lips. Excellent sign-maker. Educated at the West Virginia Schools for the Deaf and Blind, Romney, West Virginia, 1889-1897; Ritchie Public School a while before that. Member Ohio Valley Churchmen's Club, Wheeling Silent Club, St. Matthew's Guild, National Association of the Deaf, West Virginia Association of the Deaf. Layreader of St. Elizabeth's Deaf-Mute Mission since 1906. Lost hearing at age of 13 months from Brain Fever and Spinal Meningitis. No deaf relatives. Married, Feb. 28, 1905, to Lucy K. McAdams (deaf). No children. Public spirited. Organized the West Virginia Association of the Deaf. President for three terms.

**BRISTOL, E. MORRIS.** Born Jan. 27, 1861 at Troy, Michigan. Layout man and compositor with the *Flint Daily Journal*. Lives at 206 E. Rankin Street. Educated at the Michigan School for the Deaf, Flint, 1871-1879. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, National Association of the Deaf, Flint Social Club, International Typographical Union. President Michigan Association of the Deaf, 1887-1891, 1901-1908. Secretary of same several times. Secretary Flint Division No. 15, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, continuously for eleven years. Grand President N. F. S. D., 1909-1912. Secretary of the Flint Social Club for the Deaf since 1919. Lost hearing at age of three years from Scarlet Fever. Totally deaf. No deaf relatives. Married Oct. 20, 1886, to Lillie A. Weatherhead (deaf). One hearing child (living). No grandchildren. An outstanding figure among the deaf of the state and a leading spirit in all their activities.

**BROWN, JESSE C.** Born July 7, 1880, at DeSoto, Mo. Postal Clerk in Mailing Division at San Diego, Cal. Lives at 4422 Central Ave., San Diego, Cal. Speaks fair. Poor lip-reader. Excellent sign-maker. Educated at the Missouri State School for the Deaf, 1891-1901. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Los Angeles Division No. 27, National Association of Postal Clerks. Lost hearing at age of ten from Catarrh. Totally deaf. No deaf relatives. Married Oct. 26, 1908 to Pauline A. Berth (deaf). One hearing child, (dead). No grandchildren. Wife educated at Ephphata School, Chicago, Ill. Has been in Postal Service as mailing clerk for past fifteen years, being appointed a regular Jan. 1, 1906.

# The Deaf as Inventors



THREE SIZES OF "ARROW" RAZOR BLADE HONERS, INVENTED BY E. M. JACOBS.



E. M. JACOBS

The above pictures show the Arrow Razor Blade Honer, invented by E. M. Jacobs, of Detroit, Mich. The inventor claims for his honer the following points: (1) Always ready, (2) accommodates and firmly holds any blade, (3) easy to operate and evenly hones both sides of the blade by a uniform movement, (4) will last forever, and (5) is easily cleaned.

Mr. Jacobs says he intends to manufacture the instrument himself rather than sell the patent rights or depend on royalties. The inventor attended the Michigan School for the Deaf at Flint from 1883 to 1890.

He traveled all over the United States and Canada doing a card-writing business. Later he became connected with the Ford Motor Co., as tool-maker. In 1903 he joined the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, being one of the charter members, holding certificate No. 46. He organized the old S. A. C. in 1916 and became President of the New Detroit Association of the Deaf.

## HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

About 1904, Mr. Coolidge met Miss Grace A. Goodhue, a teacher in the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton. He showed her the attentions that a studious young man might be expected to pay to an attractive young lady—and no more. Vacation time came and Miss Goodhue went home to Burlington, Vt. Shortly afterward Coolidge appeared in Burlington and called on the Goodhues. He called so industriously that the young lady's parents asked her what he meant. She could not enlighten them.

Then Mr. Goodhue addressed himself to the young man, "Are you in Burlington on business, Mr. Coolidge?" he asked.

"No," said the future governor.

"Well, may I ask what you are here for?" demanded the elder.

"To marry Grace," was the calm answer.

When Mr. Goodhue had recovered his breath he managed to inquire "Have you said anything to her about this?"

"Not yet," was the response.

Within a week they were married—and a most happy union it has proved.—*F. J. Splitstone in Leslie's Weekly.*

When Frank R. Stockton started out with his Rudder Grange experiences he undertook to keep chickens. One old motherly Plymouth Rock brought a brood late in the fall, and Stockton named each of the chicks after some literary friend, among the rest, Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Dodge was visiting the farm sometime later, and, happening to think of her namesake, she said: "By the way, Frank, how does little Mary Mapes Dodge get along?" "The funny thing about a little Mary Mapes Dodge," he said, "is, she turns out to be Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

A short time ago a lady with an only child aged seven was entertaining the bishop of the diocese to afternoon tea. The small girl was allowed to come to tea, but her mother had instilled into her mind the necessity of speaking reverently to the bishop. Tea came and with it the pangs of hunger, but at the same time her mother's warning, "speak reverently," was always before her. After sitting for about ten minutes gazing at the good things and repeating over and over again, "speak reverently," she exclaimed, "For God's sake pass me the bread and butter."

# The Deaf of Other Days

*Pageant Fantasy By Selwyn Oxley in 10 Episodes. Adapted for Acting by the Deaf in the Silent Language. Approximate Time in Performance, Three Hours. Approximately 80 Photographs Can be Taken from the Episodes in Toto*

(Continued from last month)

EPISODE III.

HENRY III'S DAUGHTER

(A. D. 1253-8)

- 1.\* Villagers of Swallowfield, Berks, awaiting Lady Emma.
  - 2.\* Home-coming of Lady Emma with her son John and Princess Catherine. Festivities.\*
  - 3.\* Scene in room of Swallowfield Castle. Lady Emma at her frame, children at play.
  - 4.\* Russel, the King's messenger, arrives. He gives pet kid to Princess Catherine, money to nurses, robe to Hugo.
  - 5.\* King and Queen at Merton Abbey. Lady Emma arrives, to tell how Princess Catherine died.
  - 6.\* King instructs Simon de Gloucester. Queen faints with grief.\*
- Allow 20 minutes.

Photograph—8.

*Persons Represented:*

KING HENRY III.  
QUEEN  
DEAF PRINCESS  
LADY EMMA SWALLOWFIELD  
HER DAUGHTER  
MESSENGER  
DOCTOR  
VILLAGERS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.  
A LAMB (or goat), if obtainable.

SCENE I.—*Village of Swallowfield, Berks: Entrance to Swallowfield Court.*

VILLAGERS discovered, awaiting Her Ladyship's return.

1ST VILLAGER. So our lady returns home from Court, accompanied by a Royal Princess?

2ND V. So 'tis reported. But there is a curious tale about that she is not as others are.

1ST V. What meanest thou?

2ND V. Well, thou knowest how the leprosy rages at the Court. It may be that she is smitten thus.

3RD V. Nay, 'tis not so. I saw her ladyship a week gone by and she is to have charge of the King's youngest—

1ST & 2ND V. (*interrupting*) But what ails her, then?

3RD V. She is, as we have heard, comely and graceful for her age.

1ST V. Yes, do we not mind well the show there was three years gone by, when she was christened in the Abbey Church of Westminster in London town, away through the forest?

2ND V. Eh! we do that. Did we not feast on swans and sturgeons and peacocks' eggs even at my lady's table? A right royal feast it was, even here.

1ST V. What must it have been at Court?

3RD V. Dost thou not mind that I was in attendance on her ladyship at the time? A right royal feast there was, with a barge row down the river to the Bridge and back, so that all could see. Did not I stand behind her ladyship? But what a change 'tis this day!

1ST & 2ND V. What meanest thou by these pregnant hints? Is aught amiss with her?

3RD V. Ah! too truly 'tis indeed a fact. The little Princess ails. She hath a decline, they say, and is to come here for the forest air—and learn her letters.

4TH V. But dost thou not know she never will do that?

1ST, 2ND & 3RD V. And why?

4TH V. Have you not heard she hath never heard and never spoken yet?

3RD V. The rumour is true, then—what they fear?

4TH V. Wert thou not at the service of prayer, when the King gave gold and silver gifts for the healing of his daughter?

3RD V. Yes, I was there. But I thought they meant the decline she was fallen into.

4TH V. Nay, friend; it was her deafness they were frightened at.

VILLAGERS (*pointing*). See! She comes! (*During the talk a grand procession has drawn near, including a stately dame riding a horse, and behind her a lovely little child being borne in a litter.*)

ATTENDANT. Make way for her ladyship! (*VILLAGERS give way, the procession advances, and all leave the scene.*)

SCENE II.—*Room at Swallowfield Court. DEAF PRINCESS seen playing about. LADY SWALLOWFIELD doing needlework, with her DAUGHTER seated at her feet on the rush floor painting.*

LADY S. And is thy work all ready for the King to see?

DAUGHTER. Yes, it is just done.

LADY S. Hast'e thee, then! I expect the messenger at any moment. And how is little Katherine?

DAUGH. I smiled at her, and she smiled back. I think this place does her good already.

LADY S. Let us trust it may. She's a sweet little one. If only she could hear and speak!

DAUGH. Yes; it was a great grief to our King.

LADY S. Ah! and right bravely has he borne it. (*MESSENGER enters.*)

MESSENGER. Their majesties the King and Queen, your ladyship. (*All work is suspended, and on the entrance of KING and QUEEN all make loyal obeisance.*)

KING. Rise, good friends! Well, Emma, and how does the air suit our little one?

LADY S. Right well, your majesty. Dost thou not see a streak of returning colour entering those pale cheeks? (*DAUGHTER brings CHILD to QUEEN, who caresses her and at the same time a MESSENGER leads in a little LAMB.*)

QUEEN. See here, what I have brought for her pleasure.

LADY S. (*bowing*) I thank your majesty.

QUEEN. See that she is well looked to.

LADY S. My daughter will help in that, I am sure. See how they already have taken to each other.

KING. This well! And now we're for the chase. See that quarters are provided for us for a while. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Bedchamber in Windsor Castle; cot containing CHILD PRINCESS. LADY SWALLOWFIELD and DAUGHTER seated beside the cot. DOCTOR in attendance with medicine.*

LADY S. What news can I send the King of his child?

DOCTOR (*gravely*). Ha! the worst, I fear. She cannot live the day out, methinks.

LADY S. So bad as that? I was afraid of it from the first.

DOCTOR. She was sickly from her birth.

LADY S. (*to DAUGHTER*) Go, and send in Fritz to bear the news to London. (*Exit DAUGHTER.*) How shall I break it? (*Writes. MESSENGER enters and takes the note which LADY SWALLOWFIELD hands him, then*



*leaves, whilst LADY S. bends over the cot.)* Yes, all is over. We cannot bring the dead to life, try as we may.

SCENE IV.—*Same as SCENE I. Procession of courtiers, villagers and others issues from Swallowfield Court, bearing the dead. LADY SWALLOWFIELD and DAUGHTER, on horseback, lead the way to Westminster.*

END OF EPISODE III.

NOTE.—This Episode is based on history as recorded by Matthew Paris in his *Chronicle*.

#### PRINCESS JEAN

##### EPISODE IV.

(A. D. 1427.)

- 1.\* Princess Jean, with her sisters and her aunt, the Duchess of Rothsay, sewing. (Types of girls' artistic work.)
  - 2.\* The King (James IV. of Scotland) and the young Earl of Angus come in, and present gifts.
  - 3.\* Death of the Duchess of Rothsay.
  - 4.\* Breaking the news to Princess Jean.
  - 5.\* Princess Jean comforting her father.
- If desirable, a banqueting scene can be introduced between 2 and 3, at which Princess Jean is betrothed to the Earl of Angus.

Allow 20 minutes.

\*Photographs—6 or 8.

#### *Persons Represented:*

JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND  
DUCHESS OF ROTHSA  
PRINCESS JEAN (DEAF)  
PRINCESS ELEANOR  
JAMES DOUGLAS, EARL OF ANGUS  
COURTIERS, ETC.

SCENE I.—*A room in Holyrood Palace. DUCHESS OF ROTHSA seated sewing, with PRINCESS ELEANOR embroidering at frame.*

DUCHESS. Where are thy sister and little Jean?

ELEANOR. Jean has gone to her room to pray, I think, as her custom sometimes is.

DUCH. I wanted to tell her that her father, the King, returns to-night and brings with him some one whom he wishes her to meet.

ELEANOR. This is news indeed, and I must seek her.

DUCH. Pray do. (*ELEANOR goes out and soon returns, signing vividly to the deaf PRINCESS JEAN, who turns inquiringly to her aunt, the DUCHESS, and makes signs: ELEANOR interprets.*)

JEAN (*interpreted by E.*) Sister Ellie said you called me, Aunt.

DUCH. (*speaks to ELEANOR, who signs to JEAN.*) I did, my little one. I have news for thee that will surprise thee.

JEAN (*through ELEANOR*). A new embroidery frame, perhaps. See, I have finished the task you gave me last week (*shows a very neatly worked scarf.*)

DUCH. (*through ELEANOR.*) Well done, my child! 'Tis something different, this time, from that.

JEAN. You are going to leave me?

DUCH. You must guess again, child.

JEAN. Perhaps it has to do with my father?

ELEANOR (*signing to JEAN, speaking for benefit of DUCHESS.*) Yes, you are getting to it now.

JEAN. He has found thee a husband? (*signing to DUCHESS, to whom ELEANOR still interprets orally.*)

DUCH. (*laughing, to ELEANOR.*) How near the truth she gets! (*to JEAN, interpreted by E.*) Not that, but wouldst thou like to see one new friend?

JEAN. It depends whether he would be kind to me.

ELEANOR (*signing and speaking.*) Who said it was a "he?"

JEAN. I guess it is, for all that.

DUCH. Well, get thee fettle tidily to go and meet thy father on his return.

ELEANOR (*to DUCHESS.*) I think he has returned already. Dost not thou hear his step upon the stair, Aunt Rothsay?

DUCH. Yes, 'tis he, I do declare. (*KING enters, with a handsome youth, and turns to the little group.*)

KING. Well, sister, how have thy tasks fared in our absence? Does Eleanor progress at her frame? And what gift has little Jean this time for her poor old sire? (*DUCHESS signs to the sisters to take their work to the KING, who examines it and then shows it to ANGUS.*) I have with me my kinsman, James Douglas, who has expressed his wish to see our little Jean, of whom he has heard so much. Jean, come hither. (*DUCHESS beckons JEAN.*)

JEAN (*through ELEANOR.*) Who is this stranger, Aunt?

DUCH. (*to JEAN, through ELEANOR.*) 'Tis thy cousin, James Douglas, who one day will be the Earl of Angus. (*ANGUS advances to meet the three ladies, and brings suitable gifts out of a box which is handed him by an attendant.*)

ELEANOR. Your lordship has been too good to such as we.

ANGUS. 'Tis always a joy to serve our cousins. May this but be the first of many such meetings! The secret has been well kept, methinks, judging by little Jean's face. (*JEAN is trying to conceal her blushing cheeks with her hands.*)

JEAN. (*through ELEANOR.*) Ah cousin! I am used to scenes like this. My life is one of work and prayer, and prayer and work.

ANGUS. (*to JEAN, through ELEANOR.*) Ah, good cousin! You may not have known me, but I have often heard of thee, and hope that soon you both will visit me in my castle.

KING. Now, sister, bring them all to the evening feast, and we will continue. But now we have much to do, and James has the place to see.

DUCH. It shall be as you wish. Come, children, and get ready for the coming treat. (*Children gather up their work.*)

ELEANOR (*signing to JEAN, and speaking by force of habit.*) Well, sister, what thinkest thou of him? (*JEAN signs that she likes him very much, and proudly exhibits a pair of gloves he gave her.*) Yes, and I have something, too. (*Shows necklace. Exit the two girls, chattering.*)

SCENE II. *Ante-room, Holyrood Palace. DUCHESS OF ROTHSA'S death-bed, KING, with ELEANOR and ATTENDANTS.*

KING. We have lost a dear friend here.

ELEANOR. (*in tears.*) Indeed yes, and what poor Jean will do I dare not think.

KING. Well she must be told, 'tis clear.

ELEANOR. Yes, that I fully see. As I know her mind the best, may I undertake the task?

KING. Perhaps 'twould be wise.

ELEANOR. I will go and fetch her at once. (*She goes out to the play-room, and presently returns, signing, to the ante-room. Whilst signing she speaks for the benefit of the listening KING, to whom also she repeats the substance of JEAN'S signed answers.*)

JEAN (*signing to ELEANOR.*) What, sister, is it you have to tell?

ELEANOR (*signing to JEAN.*) News of our beloved Aunt.

JEAN. Then she is really better, after all?

ELEANOR. Yes, that is so. She never will be ill again.

JEAN. 'Tis joyful news. I could scarce bear to see her ail so much.

ELEANOR. Well, all is over now.

JEAN. Ah! now I see your message—she has gone to God.

ELEANOR. 'Tis the truth.

JEAN. Well, for her it is *far* better. But how shall we miss her!

ELEANOR. Yes, but we must think of her as in heaven above.

JEAN. There we may perhaps meet her soon.

ELEANOR. It may be so, in our time.

JEAN. I sometimes think I shall not live so very long.

ELEANOR. Do not say so, sister.

JEAN. But, sister, what use am I here, deaf and helpless as I am?

ELEANOR. Say not so. Why, all the Court know how good you are. Your sisters follow out your acts, and your father loves your tread.

JEAN. Well, well! I will try to help him all I can; he must feel this blow. Let us go to him now. *(They pass through, and JEAN goes up softly to the KING, gently takes his hand and leads him out of the room; then returns and is seen kneeling with her sister by the bed of her dead Aunt.)*

END OF EPISODE IV.

NOTE.—This Episode also is founded on historical fact, as rendered by Miss Holt in her book, *Margery's Son*.

(To be continued.)

## Automobiles and The Deaf

When the status of the automobile as a vehicle for pleasure and business was fully established the deaf began to buy and run them. I think that Mr. Beniot was the first deaf man in Minnesota to own and run an auto. Charles Thompson was a pioneer among deaf auto owners, but he did not run his car himself. Mr. Beniot changed his bicycle repair-shop into an auto repair shop and garage. He has now one of the best equipped plants outside of the twin cities, and he has won a reputation for expert work second to none. Maybe, in the sweet by and by, we shall hear of him engaged in the airplane business.

Quite a number of deaf people in the state are the owners and drivers of autos to-day. I can check off as many as thirty-five on my fingers, and it is likely that there are anywhere between fifty and a hundred deaf owners and drivers of cars in Minnesota.

The deaf are good and careful drivers. I have never heard of an accident involving a deaf driver resulting in death or injury to any person. The deaf may, like other people, have tire blowouts and punctures, they may run out of gas several miles from nowhere, their battery may go dead, or they may run into a stump and bend an axle, as I did recently. But we have yet to hear of them in destructive collisions.

Automobiling is a pleasure, and it is going to become more so as good roads increase throughout the state. More and more of our deaf people will buy and run autos in the future.

But a few words of caution are in order for deaf owners and drivers of motor vehicles. No question has been yet raised in this state as to the right of the deaf to drive autos. In other states it has. In at least two states laws have been passed forbidding the issuance of license to deaf people. It would be a sad day for many of us if such a law were passed in Minnesota. It is up to us to see that it is not. How can we prevent it? The first and most important thing is for us to give no occasion for the public to question the right or ability of deaf persons to drive autos. "Safety first" should be the watchword of every deaf driver of a car. As long as we avoid accidents resulting in injury to other persons and property, so long shall we be left undisturbed in the enjoyment of our cars. But let one reckless or careless deaf driver be to blame for a fatal accident, and at once public attention will be called to the fact. The newspapers will publish scare heads saying that a deaf man driving an auto killed or injured somebody. Then some "reform crank" will take the matter up and urge the enactment of a law forbidding deaf persons to run autos.

Every deaf person who drives an auto should make himself

thoroughly familiar with the laws of the road, both in town and country, and should make it a point to comply carefully with all regulations as to speed, use of lights, etc.

It would be a good idea for deaf car owners to join automobile associations in places where such associations exist, and become friendly with the members. They may thus obtain strong backing in case it becomes necessary to fight a proposed law against the deaf.—*Paper by Dr. J. L. Smith of Minnesota.*

### THE BENEFIT OF A DOUBT

If you are uncertain as to how you should act in a specified instance, give kindness the benefit of the doubt. If you are not certain whether to answer someone sharply or make a joke of it, try the latter. If you are not sure whether to appear good humored or to take offense, you will find the latter the way of safety. No one is ever sorry for going a little too far in the direction of kindness; but many regret bitterly falling a little short of that goal.—New Era.

### A PAT CHALLENGE

There was recently haled into an Alabama court a little Irishman to whom the thing was a new experience. He was, however, unabashed, and wore an air of a man determined not to "get the worst of it."

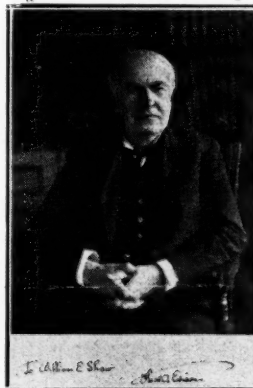
"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

Whereupon the Celt looked the men in the box over very carefully and with a skilled eye.

"Well, I tell ye," he finally replied. "Oi'm not exactly in trainin', but Oi think Oi could pul a round or two with that old boy in th' corner."—Meats from Cotton Seeds.

### WANTED

Refined Protestant hearing girl, sixteen to twenty-four years of age. Daughter of deaf parents. Light work and permanent home. Pleasant surroundings. Information. Address: Box 273, Church Road and Ogontz Avenue, Ogontz, Pennsylvania.



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# Just Snap-Shots



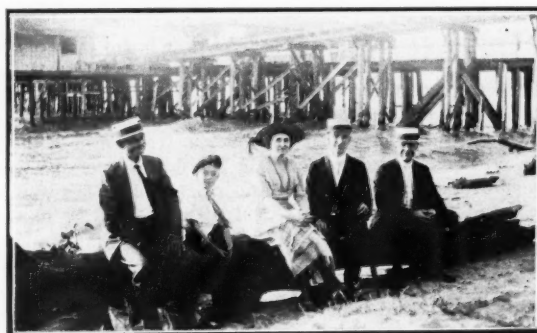
Roasting Trench at the Barbecue of the Atlanta Convention, July, 1921.



THE O. W. L. S. AT THE ATLANTA CONVENTION.  
Left to right—Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, Miss Theresa Gaillard, Miss Anna Dwight, Miss Mattie Henderson.



Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Mr. Harry Smith and Mr. C. J. Daughdrill and son landing at Fairhope (of single tax colony fame) across the bay from Mobile, Ala.

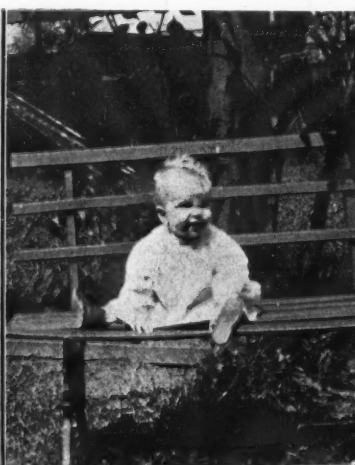


Mr. C. J. Daughdrill and son, Mrs. McFarlane, Mr. McFarlane and Mr. Wilson at pier, Fairhope, Ala.

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



CLIFFORD AYERS  
(age 9)  
Son of Mr. and Mrs K. B. Ayers, of Akron, Ohio.



DOROTHY PHYLLIS FRASER  
(age one)  
Granddaughter of Mrs. Ella B. Lloyd, of Trenton, New Jersey.



J. FRED HABERSTROH, JR.  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Haberstroh, of New York City.



# The Gentle Art of Weeding

By ZENO



HAVE tenderest feelings for the inoffensive Silence. Saying nothing by itself, it, nevertheless, is responsible for this long list of titles of books, poems, and other more or less abortive literary fantasies principally about the singing of birds and the sorrowful reflections on the departed glories of hearing:

Out of the Silence,	The throes of Silence,
Into the Silence,	The poisonous gas of Silence,
From the Silence,	
The Near-by Silence,	The unspeakable Silence,
The far-off Silence,	The golden Silence,
Beyond the Silence,	The leaden Silence,
The High Silence,	The barrier of Silence,
The Low Silence,	The mirror of Silence,
The pale Silence,	The flash of Silence,
The blue Silence,	The cloud of Silence,
The brazen Silence,	The dawn of Silence,
The unbroken Silence,	The zone of Silence,
The fitful Silence,	The valley of Silence,
The vexatious Silence,	The frowning Silence,
The drooping Silence,	The celestial Silence,
The hoarded Silence,	The hellish Silence,
The prodigal Silence,	The book of Silence,
The ruthless Silence,	The monument of Silence,
The embattled Silence,	The city of Silence,
The shrinking Silence,	The heartless Silence,
The invisible Silence,	The dignified Silence,
The appalling Silence,	The meek Silence,
The luminous Silence,	Silence's void,
The natural Silence,	Silence's refuge,
The unnatural Silence,	In the shadow of Silence,
The baffled Silence,	In the light of Silence,
The dissolving Silence,	Silence's low fuel,
The phantom Silence,	Silence's deaf delirium,
The absolute Silence,	Silence's requiescat,
The Unconscious Silence,	The bewildering and endless Silence,
The matchless Silence,	
The modest Silence,	The sweet, serene Silence,
The pensive Silence,	Silence's deep gaze,
The agitated Silence,	Silence's holiest joys,
The palpitating Silence,	Silence's thirst,
The paralyzed Silence,	Silence's blessings,
The exquisite Silence,	The gray isolation of Silence,
The cruel Silence,	Silence's weird desolations,
The wanton Silence,	Silence's new divinations,
The raptuous Silence,	Silence's puzzling assurances,
The direful Silence,	Silence's dirge-like notes,
The pinnacled Silence,	Silence's warm human life,
The reposeful Silence,	Silence's fair fame,
The reproachful Silence,	The genius of Silence,
The questioning Silence,	Silence's edge of despair,
The disconsolate Silence,	The light, careless Silence,
The lingering Silence,	Silence's snare,
The wayfaring Silence,	Silence's resentment,
The solemn Silence,	Silence's regrets,
The noontide of Silence,	Silence's cloudy, fierce chaos,
The cloisters of Silence,	Silence's weavings,
Silence's moan of pain,	Silence's sublime flavor,
The Silence of passion,	Silence's false praise,
The mystical Silence,	Silence's honest laughter,
The masqueraded Silence,	Silence's bitter tears,
The stifling Silence,	Silence's nightmare,
The tragical Silence,	The phalanstery of Silence,
The incongruous Silence,	Silence's incense,
The faint-footed Silence,	Silence's vague sense,

The lone-hearted Silence, Silence's merits and demerits,  
 The heavenly Silence, Silence's trepidation,  
 The past art of Silence, Silence's composure,  
 The new era of Silence, Silence's anguish,  
 The gospel of Silence, Silence's fierce, irresistible pangs,  
 The damnation of Silence, The worship of Silence,  
 The furred wings of Silence, Silence's poltroonery,  
 The narrow bridge of Silence, The virgin Silence,  
 The wide trail of Silence, Silence's strange thrall,  
 The scattered links of Silence, Silence's gracious tact,  
 Along the lane of Silence, The moments of Silence,  
 On the hill of Silence, The years of Silence,  
 Silence's true point of view, Silence's appeals,  
 Out of the cavern of Silence, Silence's self-imposed task,  
 On the wings of Silence, Silence's salty bread,  
 The depth of Silence, Silence's desolate maxims,  
 The dreamy Silence, The wizard Silence,  
 The pure atmosphere of Silence, Silence's funeral peals,  
 Silence, On the lap of Silence,  
 with variations for which our deafness is still reponsible, such as "Simple dumb bees," "A light-fingered story," "With you, but not of you," "The Sign-maker's Tale," "The Disinherited," "The echoless Chasm," "A strange tale of an odd people," "The Babbles of the Voiceless," "The Silent Mooches," etc, etc.

Oh Silence, the purpureal-robed, ethereal-faced, seraphic Silence, can we not say Truce to our pen before we see another book and exclaim, "There is Silence again?"

King Silence,	Silence's calm crystal call,
Robber Silence,	Silence's unspoken ballads,
The High-priest Silence,	Silence's endless complexity,
The deep sense of Silence,	The phantasmogaris of Silence,
The melodious harp of Silence,	
Silence,	The simple repose of Silence,
Silence's purest pathos,	The sport of Silence,
Silence's dread office,	The immortal Silence,
The hush of infinite Silence,	The immeasurable Silence,
The Silence of Remembrance,	The long-streaming sigh of Silence,
The musty curtain of Silence,	The wistful self-pity of Silence,
Silence's hushed, tearful speech,	
The deep drama of Silence,	The great epic of Silence,
Silence's deathless lyre,	Silence, the unappealable arbitress,
The sweet swoon of Silence,	The hymn of Silence,
The impalpable space of Silence,	The troubled abysses of Silence,
Silence's oblivion,	Silence's contrition,
Silence's ashes, cinders and dust,	Silence's cogitations,
The insignia of Silence,	Silence's blank reveries,
Silence's dull, muffled sounds,	Silence's impulses,
Silence's fitful and strange monologue,	Silence's vague prophecies,
	The unrepining, unseen Silence,
	The old sobs of Silence, etc, etc.

## ENJOYS THE ENTERTAINING ARTICLES

I am very pleased with the magazine and enjoy the entertaining articles, snappy criticisms and local news items immensely.

RUTH J. WILSON.

TWINS FALLS, IDAHO.

## SOLOMON THE FORTUNATE

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "He had a thousand wives." "Yes," answered the woman tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."

# In the World of the Deaf

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

A Chess Club has been organized among the Deaf of Cleveland, Ohio.

The Staunton School won a number of prizes at the Staunton Fair recently.

It is reported that Mrs. Poore, of Knoxville, Tenn., has been appointed to succeed Mr. Horace E. Walker as Superintendent of the Tennessee School.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, of Philadelphia, Pa., announced recently the engagement of their daughter, Mrs. Dorothy S. Kriebel to Mr. Frederick C. Knight, an artist and illustrator.

De Style: "That new masseur gave me a wonderful massage today.

Gunburst: He's a deaf-mute, you know he was rehearsing a speech he is going to make tonight before his society."

It was stated at a meeting in Dublin earlier in the year, that at the last census there were 4,010 deaf and dumb persons in Ireland; that they were living good lives in the south of the country, and not a single deaf mute was in prison there. —*Ephphatha*.

Granville Redmond is still with Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, dividing his time between the two studios. Recently he was filmed in Fairbanks' picture, "Three Musketeers," which has been sent to New York for first appearance.

*The British Deaf Times* is authority for the statement that the Soviet government of Russia has established a theatre for the exclusive use of the deaf. Pshaw! When bread and butter is the real need, work paid with honest-to-goodness cash is what they need.—*Kansas Star*.

Mr. Harry G. Long has become a permanent resident of Omaha, having recently purchased a home that city. It is a fine modern residence and will make his family a cozy and comfortable home. Harry is still employed in the Woodmen of the World offices as one of the efficient and trusted clerks.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Normalcy is approaching in our work. According to *The Journal* the rule forbidding signs in the primary oral department of the Texas School has been abrogated. By this act, Supt. Shuford has earned the gratitude of the deaf children of the school who greeted the announcement with cheers. We read the handwriting on the wall.—*Kansas Star*.

Mr. O. W. McInturf, a graduate of the Virginia School and of Gallaudet College, succeeds Mr. S. C. Jones as instructor of printing at the Staunton School. Mr. McInturf spent the summer at the New Jersey School studying the mechanism of the linotype so as to be able to care for the new machine to be installed this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis A. Sadelmyer announced the marriage of their daughter, Marian Louise, one of our graduates, to Mr. Clyde Marion Houze on October 22 in Syracuse, New York. The Sadelmyers formerly lived in Mt. Airy. Their new home is 112 S. Edwards Ave., Eastwood, N. Y., after November 15th. —*Mt. Airy World*.

The Illinois school has a new superintendent—or "managing officer" as he is called there. Mr. H. T. White is superseded by Mr. Oscar C. Smith. The Illinois school is under the control of the Department of Public Welfare of the State of Illinois, and the change was made by the Department.

Military training has been introduced into the Missouri School, under the direction of Major Vernon S. Birk, who got his training under the famous system at Fanwood. He is a Gallaudet man and received his little title of Major from the governor of North Carolina who commissioned him Major in the National Guard of that state while he was engaged at the North Carolina school.

The remarkable progress of the printing department of the *Silent Worker* is seen in the Worker itself, which as an Illustrated magazine has, in many respects, become comparable to be best of them; but aside from that the fact that the Worker office has this year post-graduates from Colorado, Montana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and New York, besides the regular quota from its own state, speaks loud for the ability of its business manager.—*Alabama Messenger*.

The *Silent Worker*—that excellent magazine for the deaf printed at the New Jersey school—is "featuring" its cover page. The October number has a design appropriate to the month, surrounding a poem, "October," by D. H. Tipton of Coal City, Ind., a graduate of the Indiana school, and who is known to break out into verse quite frequently. The poem appears on this page. If it happens not to be our Dave, we feel that we owe him no apology.—*Silent Hoosier*.

The use of the manual alphabet is growing to such an extent that it is no longer safe to conclude that a person is deaf because he or she uses the silent mode of communication in public. At the boarding house that is patronized by a number of our teachers there was a big call for manual alphabet cards on the opening of our school and everybody over there is getting the habit, which is a handy one to have in the vicinity of a school for the deaf.—*Alabama Messenger*.

*The American Magazine* for November contains two articles of special interest to the deaf—an inspiring sketch of the career of the great inventor and philanthropist, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and an article relating how a certain favored "son of silence" who was brought up in the shadow of, but shunned,

a good school, (in Olathe, Kansas,) has overcome his handicap to such an extent that he is now a successful student in the University of Missouri.

The firm of Marr and Holman, Architects of Nashville Tenn., have just landed a big job. The State is to erect buildings for the feeble-minded, at the cost of \$300,000, and have employed the above firm as architects. Mr. Marr is a well known deaf-mute architect and we are proud of his success, which has been marked for a period of about twenty years. His firm also are architects of a branch bank of Federal Reserve Bank to be erected at Nashville.—*Sel*.

The Ohio Law compelling the retirement of teachers at the age of seventy years is unfortunate in some respects. The loss of the deaf children of Ohio, by the removal of Professors Patterson, McGregor, and Greener, is very considerable. All three are mentally and physically capable of continuing in the profession of teaching the deaf. All three of them are admittedly superior men—splendid teachers, broad-minded, public-spirited men. Their achievements are evidenced by the intelligent deaf men and women of Ohio who have come under their care.

In pointing out the difference between an ordinary audience and a "movie" audience, which, since it "hears with its eyes" is, strictly speaking, not an audience at all, a writer in the *Writer's Monthly* asks: "By the way isn't optience a good word when you don't actually mean audience?" We see no reason why "optience" isn't a good word to use in such cases, especially in referring to deaf "listeners," and now that it has been coined, the only thing it needs is circulation.

The International News Service sends broadcast an item about a "deaf and dumb" chauffeur of somewhere in West Virginia having his license revoked because he failed to heed the signal of a traffic "cop," from which bit of freak news authorities in other places that are unacquainted with the deaf are likely to jump at the fool conclusion that anyone who is deaf is unqualified to drive a car, whereas the fact is, the hundreds of deaf autoists throughout the country have fewer accidents in proportion to their number than occur among hearing drivers.—*Alabama Messenger*.

Information from Chicago states that our old friend, Matthew Treese, has sold his house there. The writer saw the house when it was being constructed,—a very nice and comfortable up-to-date house. Matthew is a printer by trade and works at that during the day and in the evenings and on Sundays with the help of two other Minnesota boys, Emil Knudston and Godfrey Lauby, he worked on his house. This makes the third house he has built and sold in that way. Matthew never lays down on the job in fact he is one of the greatest hustlers and ought to be wealthy some day.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Mrs. Otto Crawford Blankenship, herself an expert lip reader, tells of a recent experiment made by the *Lincoln Daily Star* to see if the Movie Stars really say what they are made out to say. For this purpose the *Star* invited some deaf people who were expert lip readers and they found that the spirit of the plot had been on the lips of the actors all the way through, and the *Star* was not able to give its readers the sensation it had expected to give. Mrs. Blankenship further says that at the movies the deaf have the advantage of the hearing in as much as, if they are good lip readers, they are able to read what the actors say all the way through, and so follow the play better than most hearing people can.

Mr. Richard O. Johnson, who for thirty-one years was superintendent of the Indiana School for the Deaf but was succeeded two years ago by Mr. O. M. Pittenger, is now doing high class business in Life Insurance and is located in Indianapolis. We are informed by those who have seen him lately that he is in the best of health and very much pleased with his new work. We doubt not, however, that his interest is still in the deaf for whom he worked so many years. Once interested in the deaf work, always interested. It is not an uncommon thing for people to drop into our school who many years ago were teachers in some deaf school. They find great pleasure in visiting deaf schools and seeing deaf children whenever they are in a town where a school is located.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

One evening in the early summer Sam Wood, a well known deaf young man employed in Staunton, went out for a spin on his bicycle, and while passing a point on the Greenville pike where the road men were at work, a blast was exploded without warning and he was badly hurt. Besides a severe fracture of the left arm, he suffered a number of cuts and bruises and spent a month in the King's Daughters' hospital. The road contractors paid his hospital expenses, had his machine repaired, and gave him fifty dollars in money. He was thinking of suing for heavy damages, but on account of possible contributory negligence on his part he was advised to accept the terms of settlement offered. Wood is now back at his bench in a shoe repairing establishment in the city, making twenty-five dollars a week.—*Virginia Guide*.

Philadelphia welcomes two bright and interesting young men in Messrs. H. Verne Barnett and Yates Lansing who have come over from Rome, New York, to learn linotyping. Mr. Barnett graduated from the Colorado School for the Deaf and Galaudet College after which he took the position of supervisor of boys at the School for the Deaf in Rome, N. Y. Mr. Lansing graduated from the Rome School and is a cousin of Ex-Secretary Lansing of Washington, D. C. They are boarding with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McGhee. The Philadelphia Printers Board of Trade has installed a linotype in their headquarters on Walnut Street and Mr. Lansing is among the first to join the class, while Mr. Barnett has gone to learn to operate a monotype.—*Mt. Airy World*.

They say that a cat has nine lives. We think that our worthy friend, J. B. A. Benoit, of Benson, has at least ten or eleven, thereby excelling pussy. He has

been blown up, battered, knocked down, jumped upon by machinery time out of mind. He has had a bad attack of rheumatism, and had most of his teeth pulled. Yet every time he has come up smiling and optimistic, ready for another round. His latest adventure was being crowded into a ditch by a Ford car that was running at high speed in the dark without lights. He was on his way home to supper, and in his efforts to dodge that car, he had a bad fall that wrenched his shoulder and laid him up for a few days. Of course, the fellow who caused the trouble made his get-away. They usually do. If J. B. had carried an accident insurance policy all these years, he would be a rich man now.—*Minnesota Companion*.

The National Riley Memorial Association is aiming to establish a park in memory of James Whitcomb Riley at the "Old Swimmin' Hole," near Greenfield. It will interest the alumni to know that this famous spot, immortalized by the Hoosier poet, is on land along the brandywine, owned and occupied by our fellow alumnus, Samuel F. Mannon and his wife, Catherine. (Day '18.)

This interesting bit of news comes from Mr. Bierhaus, who wrote:

"On my way home from Indianapolis I had the pleasure of stopping at Greenfield visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mannon for a few hours. Mr. M., with great pride, showed me his little farm (as he called it) consisting of only two acres, but a very interesting place, not so much on account of his 25 to 30 fine Durco and Berkshire hogs, 80 chickens and garden, but of the fact that the Old Swimmin' Hole of Riley's is on it. Had not the weather been so chilly, I surely would have then and there had a glorious dip in it, and felt tickled to death always afterwards."—*Silent Hoosier*.

When you pick up a popular magazine and read in it a story or poem by Lindsay Lucas you have no idea of the handicap under which it was written.

Neither has the editor who purchased it. Lucas, 23 years old, is both blind and deaf.

He supports himself by his writings and they sell readily, although he has told none of his editors of his afflictions.

Three years ago he was one of the brightest pupils at the Minneapolis high school in his sophomore year. Then the bursting of minute blood vessels nourishing the optic nerve rendered him blind. Six months later hearing left him.

He didn't quit. He started instead to make the best of things. He has mastered the Braille and the New York systems of reading for the blind and has read every book available for the blind in this state.

He swims, skates and enjoys long tramps in the open between the times he works on poems and stories.

Among his poems, widely published, are "Circus Time," "The Adventures of the Keewanis," "The Brute of the Northland."—*Kansas City Star*.

Miss Caroline A. Yale, for many years the able principal of the Clarke School, Northampton, Mass., on account of impaired health, has tendered her resignation to take effect at the end of the present school year. Her resignation is greatly to be regretted. She has made a wonderful school and done a great work for the many pupils who have been under her care and instruction. But not only in her school has she been a great force but

in the profession at large. No one's judgment, and general intelligence are more respected. Always deliberate, courteous, kind, and yet decisive, she has held a unique place among the educators of the deaf. Her school has perhaps trained more normal students to enter the work of teaching the deaf than all of the other schools combined. Many teachers who have been in training under her direct instruction and influence have carried to all of the schools for the deaf in the United States, her ideas and ideals. Nothing we can write can properly estimate her good influence. It will be felt in the schools for centuries to come.

—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Edward Saxton Gilmore was born in Ableman, Wisconsin. Became deaf at two years of age. Entered Clarke School in 1900. After leaving school in 1904, he spent one year at Throop Polytechnic School at Pasadena, Calif., and then entered the mining business with his brother-in-law. In 1905, in partnership with G. R. Wilton, he secured 640 acres of land at Victorville, California. After making extensive improvements, they sold the ranch. After this he lived on his ten-acre ranch at Los Angeles, but since the death of his parents he has been engaged in looking after the estate. He married, in 1907, Mary Evelyn Severance (Clarke School, 1906) and has three children.

(The report omits stating that Gilmore attended this school from 1897 to 1898 and later the Los Angeles Day School.)

Ward Small was born in Geneva, Illinois. Lost hearing at the age of ten months. He attended the McCowen School in Chicago and schools for the deaf in Berkeley, Calif., and Jacksonville, Ill., before entering Clarke School in 1902. After leaving the school in 1907, he studied under a private instructor for two years, and studied designing at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago for one year. He is a commercial artist and a specialist in book plates, and worked for four years for one of the largest engraving houses in Chicago. He married, in 1913, Marie Wesselius (Clarke School, 1910) and has one son. (Clarke School Report.)—*Cal. News*.

The following editorial from the North Carolina paper is as applicable to Indiana as it is to the state in which it was written, and it is reproduced for that reason:

There is a tendency among deaf boys, who go out seeking employment after leaving school, to over-estimate their ability to do the work they are trained to do while in school. This is especially true of printers. We have heard of boys applying for positions claiming to having five or six years experience, and when given a tryout making a miserable failure. Of course this leaves a bad impression on the mind of the employer and makes it harder for the next deaf boy who chances to pass that way. As a matter of fact he does not have five or six years' experience at his trade before leaving school, in most cases not over one, for the two or three hours daily he spends in the shops during a session amounts to only about one-fifth of a year of actual training as an apprentice.

We have never claimed to do more for our boys in the way of industrial training than to teach them the simple rudiments of their trades. Parents should not expect their boys to leave school fully



## PACH

### PHOTOGRAPHER

THE ALUMNI of the TEXAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, have commissioned us to make a portrait of THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET to be unveiled at the school on Dec. 10th, 1921.

In order to execute the commission it was necessary to make a reproduction of his finest portrait, a painting now owned by his grandson, Mr. Edson F. Gallaudet.

Many of the Schools for the Deaf, and many deaf people will doubtless be interested in this reproduction, copies of which we will furnish.

11 x 14	in carbon black	\$ 5.00
11 x 14	in sepia tone	6.00
20 x 24	in sepia	30.00
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equipped to hold good positions without further training. They are only apprentices and this fact should be made clear to them.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

William C. McClure, formerly a teacher at this school and also superintendent of the North Dakota School for the Deaf up to the time he was unanimously elected superintendent of the Missouri School at the July meeting of the Board of Managers held at the school in Fulton, Mo., succeeds Prof. J. S. Morrison, who resigned in December, at the close of the present school year.

Mr. McClure was not an applicant for the Missouri superintendency, but Fulton friends urged him to take the position when it was offered him.

Mr. McClure is the son of deaf parents his father being a teacher in the Kentucky school for the deaf, and he not only knows but sympathizes with the deaf. He was graduated from Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1912, and spent the next year in the teachers' training department of Gallaudet College, the national college for the deaf at Washington, D. C. The following September he came to Fulton to teach in the Missouri school. Since then he has spent several summers doing post-graduate work at Chicago University, Chicago, Ill., and at North Western University, Evanston, Ill.

When the World War came on, Mr. McClure joined the navy, and after some months of intensive training was commissioned ensign. He is now a member of the Naval Reserve Corps.

He was elected superintendent of the North Dakota School for the Deaf last August, being chosen from a list of nearly a dozen applicants, many of whom had had previous experience at the head of schools for deaf. His work there was unusually successful.

Mr. McClure was married in April, 1913, to Miss Mary Hughes McCue, of this city, who also is an experienced teacher of the deaf. They have one son.—*Missouri Record*.

In this picture, Redmond played several parts and his acting was highly praised by several dramatic critics, one of them being Mr. W. Singer of international note.

He said of Redmond that his acting was very good and dramatic, that he would make a hit for the finer emotional pictures, that he showed lots of character and was strong in expression.

He advised Redmond to later on direct himself. He also commented on Redmond's facial expression and artistic head. He was so taken by the deaf man's acting that he said he thought he should leave off comedy and confine himself to higher lines because, in his opinion, Redmond had a fine dramatic soul.

One day last July Redmond took his ten-year old son to Fairbanks' studio on a little visit. The comedian was so struck by the perfect outlines of the lad that he at once engaged him at \$7.50 a day. Redmond objected but Fairbanks had his way. The boy was at once hustled over to the Board of Health and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. At both places consent to the child's entering the movies was at once given and the boy started in the following Monday.

Redmond's older son is also in the movies and is steadily rising.

When not acting, Redmond paints pictures in his studio on the Charlie Chaplin

place. He gets many orders from well known visitors from all parts of the globe. Recently Mary Pickford's mother told him that she would ask him to paint a large picture to be hung in the reception hall of her new residence to be built in Los Angeles.—*W. S. R. in California News*.

### WON PRIZE

Our school was awarded first prize for our exhibit at the Mississippi State Fair. This exhibit occupied an entire booth and consisted of plain and fancy needle-work from both white and colored departments. It attracted quite a bit of attention and we received many complimentary expressions as to the scope and quality of the work.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

### A SAD ACCIDENT

On the 7th of April, 1920, William Kelly, a thirteen years old boy from Scott County, was run down and killed by an A. & V. passenger train just west of the Institution grounds. From the testimony of those who saw the accident and from the judgment for \$20,000.00 damages awarded the father of the boy by the court, would seem that the unfortunate accident was due to the negligence of the engineer.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

### SOUSA'S ORGANIZATION

Sousa, king of bandmasters, confesses that he has been hard of hearing for some time, and couldn't hear much more than a jumble when his people played.

How could he direct a band when he couldn't hear how they were playing? The answer probably is, that Sousa has his musicians so well trained they didn't require directing in the emergency.

An organization runs along automatically when built up and perfected by a genius like Sousa. Momentum, acquired from its creator, carries it.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

### SUPT. PITTENGER AT MUNCIE

The State Convention of Charities and Correction met at Muncie the past week end. Dr. Pittenger was on program on the subject of "Recreation at Institutions." And on Sunday evening he addressed the congregation of the Jackson St. Christian church—the church at Muncie which maintains a deaf mission. Mr. Houdyshell went up to Muncie to interpret for him, and two of our pupils, Gladys Heavneridge and Dorothy Jones, sang, in signs, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Dr. Pittenger's talk was on the aims and accomplishments of the school.—*Silent Hoosier*.

### MISSOURI SCHOOL ADOPTS MILITARY TRAINING

A system of military training is now in course of establishment here, under the direction of Vernon S. Birck. The boys are being supplied with khaki uniforms and will later have smart outfits of cadet gray for dress occasions. They are intensely interested in the new arrangement and improvement is already to be noticed. It is by no means the purpose of the school to make soldiers of our boys. The system put into effect this fall is no blood-and-thunder affair. It is simply a means by which we hope to inculcate habits of ready obedience, a manly carriage, and self-respect in our boys.—*Mo. Record*.

### BEAUTIFUL THING

A few years ago a very sweet little boy by the name of Robert Swingle, a pupil in Miss Rhoads's room, was taken

home to spend the week end. He had not been very well and while at home took seriously sick and died. Every year since his mother has sent to Miss Rhoads a box of candy to be distributed among the pupils. It expresses in a simple way a mother's love for her child gone forever and is a sort of memorial to him. It also shows her tender feeling toward other deaf children and her longing to be of some service to them. It is a beautiful remembrance which the little deaf children in this school greatly appreciate.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

#### 24 SILENTS AWARDED SQUADRON DIPLOMAS

Gaining their diplomas as "Master Rubber Workers," twenty-four deaf workmen were graduated from the Flying Squadron of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

The Flying Squadron course covers three years' work in the factory during which time the men must master every operation in the plant. It also includes two hours' work a week in school work, the elements of rubber chemistry, shop mathematics, business economics, being featured in the course.

The title thus given the men who finish this course stands for the fact that they have known proficiency in every phase of modern rubber manufacture and that may be employed as experienced men in any of those lines of business.—*Akron Paper*.

#### TELLS COLORS BY SMELL.

The "Helen Keller" of Wisconsin has been found by legislators among the pupils in the Janesville school for the blind.

Willette Huggins, 16, Chippewa Falls, both blind and deaf, but with remarkable powers of sense of perception, has astonished visitors by her ability to carry on conversation, and to distinguish colors.

The girl is able to take part in conversation by placing her hand on any part of the head of the person talking.

"Her ability to understand those talking by a sense of touch is almost uncanny," J. T. Hooper, superintendent of the school, said. "She is absolutely deaf, but can enter into conversation as well as one with all his senses."

Almost as interesting is her ability to distinguish colors by her sense of smell. It is almost beyond comprehension how she is able to exercise both her sense of feeling and smell," Supt. Hooper said.

The girl has been totally blind only about one and one-half years. She has been totally deaf only since October, and previous to that was regarded as dull, it is said.—*Saturday Globe*.

#### SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF RECEIVING SUBSTANTIAL AID

From all quarters come reports of increased appropriations for schools. Two illustrations are quoted herewith to show what Connecticut and North Dakota are doing. We feel confident that the legislature of Maryland will grant our modest request for a new trades building and further increase our appropriation which last year was but \$361 per capita.

"The General Assembly has passed a bill which appropriates \$250,000. for the completion of our building at West Hartford and our per capita has been increased to \$450 a year for each pupil."

"The North Dakota School for the Deaf is in clover. The state legislature was most generous in the matter of appropriations. The School was given \$100,000. for the erection of a boys' dormitory. A goodly sum was appropriated for improvements and equipment, which will enable

the school to enlarge its industrial department. In addition to this, the appropriations for support and salaries were largely increased. The North Dakota School will not have to yield right of way to any other school of the kind in the United States.

#### "BY THEIR FRUITS"

If all tax payers in the state would read the following letter from Frank F. Arnold, Empire Linotype School, New York City, concerning two of our graduates of last June, we think they would feel that the small amount of money expended annually to support the Maryland School is well accounted for.

"The two boys you inquire about are advancing as fast as can be expected. They are both earnest and studious, they work during the day time. One of the boys informed me that with a little overtime he received \$47.00 for last week. The other boy does not get as much, I believe.

"They are living in a neat, well conducted house directly across the street from the school and seem to make out as well in New York as the average boys with all their faculties. The boys are thinking of tackling the linotype exam in October and as they are wide-awake young fellows, am confident they will be successful.

The linotype is ideal for the more alert deaf printer. We have had a large number of them take it up; I cannot recall a single one who has failed to make a success of the work. Owing to the fact that they concentrate on the work undisturbed by outside influences they seem peculiarly adapted for the linotype."—*Maryland Bulletin*.

#### FAKE MIRACLE CURE

LOS ANGELES, July 1921—A Los Angeles boy in the High Class at the California School exposes the wonder fakir in this wise.

Last summer, in July, great numbers of cripples, blind, deaf, and sick people gathered in Lincoln Park, Los Angeles, to see "Brother Isaiah" work his cures and, if possible, be cured themselves.

One day a Mexican-Californian deaf boy walked up to the Indian Medicine Man. The healer put some drops in the boy's ears. The next move was to slam the Bible very hard against the stand. This caused considerable vibration. Mr. Miracle Man appealed to Dummy Mex, saying, "Can you hear that?" Mex was much excited, in expectation, and as he had felt the heavy vibration of the Bible slamming stunt, he nodded his greasy black head.

Most deaf children claim to hear the vibration which they feel. The line of vibration differentiation between hearing and feeling has yet to be drawn. The deaf hear all the time through the feet. The soles of the feet are exceedingly sensitive to vibrations.

When Mex nodded his head, Brother Isaiah yelled ecstatically "Cured!" The assembled crowd were dumfounded, and cheered and clapped enthusiastically. We met Mex after the meeting. He had fully recovered his equilibrium, mentally, and indignantly and disappointedly avowed that he could not hear.

The deaf student who tells the story adds, "I think that Miracle Man fixed things up in great shape to fool the people and make them believe he could work wonderful cures."

The keen cruelty of so much of this

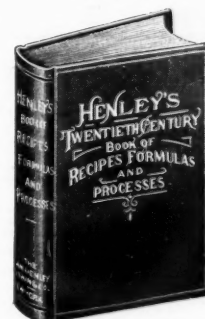
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**THE SILENT CLAN**

Scarcely a person acquainted with the various interesting phases of East Akron life does not know of the group of silent workers who live here. They are the mutes employed by the Goodyear company. The activities they have carried on here, the efficiency of their work and their surprising adaptability to conditions in the world of sound and noise, as it is sometimes referred to, have made them the center of interest here for a long time.

At one time there were hundreds of silents in East Akron. They had a wonderful community and their brass band of some 30 to 40 pieces, their dancing to music, their enjoyment of songs, through the medium of an interpreter, and athletic teams were the marvel of the city. Silents all over the country heard their doings and community life in Akron and were eager to come here. Employers of this city welcomed them here, for they were found to be of the best type of workmen, their minds always being on their work.

There are many Silents in East Akron today and their community life is just the same as it always was. With the upward trend of industrial conditions, the remaining silents want to tell their fellow mutes, now scattered all over the country, that conditions in Akron are getting better and they are going to put out a paper or magazine for that purpose. The pub-

lication is to be known as The Akron Clan or the Silent Clan.—*East Akron Booster*.

**A HUMAN DERELICT**

It's a pretty far cry from gay Paree to the precincts of an insane asylum in New York within the short space of three months. Yet, here is one of Life's little enigmas pressing for solution.

He is only twenty, a Catholic deaf mu e, name unknown, hailing from France. Worked his passage over to Montreal, then as a stowaway to New York. Fell in with bad companions, took to drugs and the inevitable result. Last month the city authorities requested our service as interpreter. We went. Miss Massopust and Dr. Pallato of Manhattan State Hospital made our task pleasant. After nearly a days' grilling, sufficient facts were elicited to stamp this unknown as an undesirable, and upon recommendation it is expected that he will shortly be deported.

But, the pity of it is that it could have been averted had there been a responsible Agency which would have steered this misguided youth upon the right path.

We have in mind another French Catholic deaf-mute whom it was our privilege to help pass the gates of Ellis Island a year ago last July. He, fortunately, took the precaution to place himself in touch with us, obtained a lucrative position and has since devoted his spare evenings to acquiring a broader education, industrially and intellectually. A few years hence we may behold a full-fledged ambitious American in contrast to that nameless human derelict who might have been.—*Jewish Deaf*.

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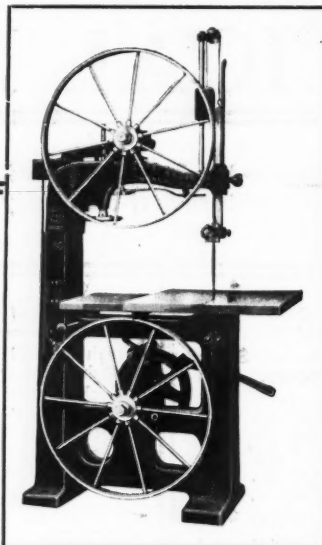
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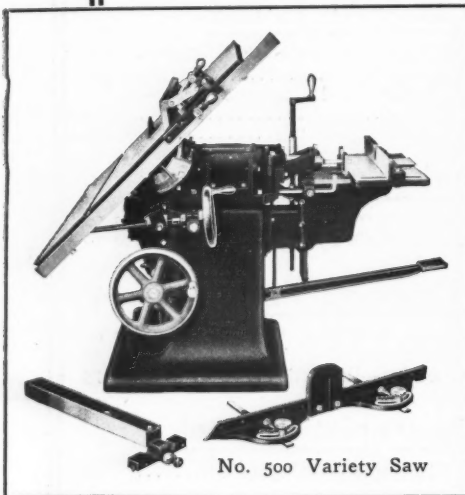
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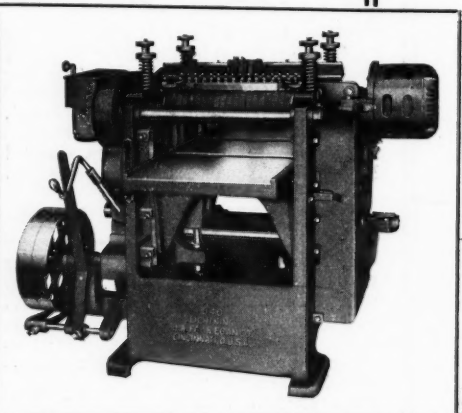
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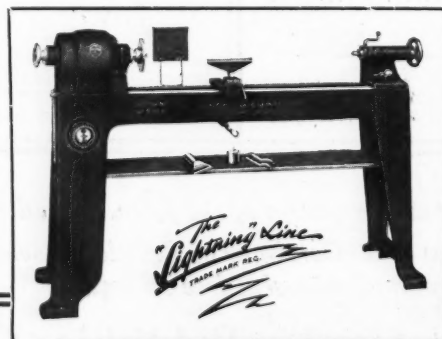
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